

MAN'S

HOW DO YOU RATE AS A LOVER? TAKE LOVE TEST



DARING

SHOCKING EXPOSE: **HELL IN A BLUE BIKINI!**

NOV. 'A

THE NUDE GYPSY AND
LIVING DEAD



**N. YAGISHI'S
SECRET ARMY
OF
NAKED
U.S. GEISHA
GIRLS**

REWARD \$9,985.50

FOR THIS COIN!

\$500,000.00 SEARCH FOR RARE COINS!

OLD AND NEW!



Illustrated 1904 silver dollar — 15,000 mintage, only 12 accounted for — where are the rest?

Stop spending valuable coins worth hundreds of dollars. New 1963 catalogue lists hundreds of coins we want to buy and gives the price range we will pay for these United States Coins. Certain half-cent coins are worth up to \$3,500.00 for Canadian Coins. Our valuable Coin Book may reward you many thousands of dollars. Coins do not have to be old to be valuable. Thousands of dollars have been paid for coins dated as recently as 1940 to 1956. Now you too can learn the rare dates and how to identify rare coins in your possession with our new 1963 catalogue. A fortune may be waiting for you. Millions of Dollars have been paid for rare

coins. **SEND YOUR ORDER FOR THIS VALUABLE COIN CATALOGUE NOW!** Hold on to your coins until you obtain our catalogue. Send \$1.00 for newest Coin Catalogue to:

BEST VALUES CO., COIN DEPT. 949 385 MARKET ST. Newark, New Jersey

FOR CERTAIN COINS WE PAY UP TO:

(CONTINUED)

Gold Coins	
Before 1829	\$10,000.00
Pennies	
Before 1919	9,000.00
Silver Dollars	
Before 1936	8,000.00
Nickels	
Before 1945	6,000.00
Dimes	
Before 1946	5,000.00
Half Dollars	
Before 1947	4,500.00
Quarters	
Before 1941	3,500.00
Half Cents	
Before 1910	3,500.00
Lincoln Pennies	
Before 1940	200.00

MAIL ORDER COINS NO-DEPOSIT TOTAL CATALOGUE NOW!

BEST VALUES CO., COIN DEPT. 949

385 Market St.

Newark, New Jersey

Rush your Latest 1963 Coin Catalogue listing the actual price ranges you will pay for United States Coins listed in the catalogue. I enclose \$1. Send Postage Prepaid.

Name

Address

City State

YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED IN FULL IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED WITH THIS CATALOGUE

"We're looking for people who like to draw"

By ALBERT DOENE
Famous Magazine Illustrator

Do you like to draw or paint? If you do—answers to 10 Most Faint in *Famous* are looking for you to help you find out if you have talent worth developing.

Here's why we make this offer (better than a decade ago, my colleagues and I realized) that the many people were coming forward for support in art—either because they hesitated to think they had talent—or because they couldn't get together professional art-training without leaving home or giving up their job.

A Place to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. First we posted the only printed representation the public would take time and the previous trade shows that helped us work the top. Then—discovering the knowledge was over 1,000 special drawings and paintings—we created a complete system of art training that helps all over the country could take right in their own homes without leaving home. This course is accredited by the American Association National Business Study Council. Washington D.C. a nationally recognized accrediting agency.

Our training has helped thousands of men and women into the creative professions and the cash rewards of just back to full time art careers. Here are just a few:

Back home were payroll clerk. Then after he started working with us, he landed an art job with a large printing firm. The next four years ago, today he's head artist for the same firm.

Design Design New Cars

After four years of training, Don Chiswick of Detroit landed a job as the senior design artist of a top job automobile company. Now he

helps design new car models.

Tom Scott founded the design maintenance industry and became the new owner Boston Museum of Ontario, Canada. He now lives on \$15,000 a month apartment in which I now own the most loved new cars, and hold stock in new companies.

John Whitaker of Memphis has an artful circle when he began studying with us. Recently a Dept. spokesman agreed him to do a study course camp.

Even Brian Tinsley as Much

Just before of Memphis has an artful circle when he began studying with us. Recently a Dept. spokesman agreed him to do a study course camp.

Elizabeth Lyndon—mother of a young mother art student at her Memphis home. She is heading up a job that applies the education of her children.

Cowboy Charlie Art Posters

Donald Kerner a Montana cowboy—worked with us. Now he paints posters with them for \$250 each. And he'll provide the business for a hotel.

Charlotte Vander Gifford is a woman a thing and she started studying with us. Now a world fine back gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

From Art Talent Test

How about you? Find out your life to find out if you have talent worth wanting for a full time or part time art career? Simply send in our revealing 20-page talent test. This week post it to the test but we'll send it to you free. If you show promise, you'll be eligible for at home training under the program we devised. No obligation. Mail the coupon today.

America's 10 Most Famous Artists



ALBERT DOENE



DONALD KERNER



JOHN WHITAKER



TOM SCOTT



ELIZABETH LYNDON



JOHN WHITAKER



DONALD KERNER



JOHN WHITAKER



ELIZABETH LYNDON



JOHN WHITAKER



DONALD KERNER



JOHN WHITAKER

Free Art Talent Test

I want to find out if I have an ability worth developing. Please send me a talent test right at your business please. Thank You.

Mr. _____
 Mrs. _____
 Dr. _____
 Other _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MAN'S DARING

ROBERT C. SPURGEON.....Publisher
BERNARD BOLT.....Editor
CHARLES FOSTER.....Production

CONTENTS

Vol. 4 No. 2

Sept. 1942

DARING SPECIAL REPORT

HOW DO YOU DATE AS A SOLDIER?.....By Corville Sanchez 26
There's a few that will let you know if
you're the man you think you are

DARING TRUE EXPOSE

WELL IN A SLIP HERE.....By Ralph Weyers as told to Joe Miller 28
Clear there but real good to it then, back to a girl
you can't let it be absolutely real and

DARING ACTION

HOW THUNDERBOLT SCOUT ARMY OF MAJOR GEORGE GAYL.....Armed Forces 32
Behind the last leader of the Scout to a friend
before. (Special feature: new photo)

THE DARE BYSTAND AND THE LIVING DARE.....By Marie Schaeffer 34
The man who thought what she did to him—
she wouldn't let him

THE ADMIRABLE SHOWWOMAN OF MY LADYSHIP.....By Fred Telf 36
What she began to say to it... then she
dared to say to him and

DARING EXCLUSIVE ADVENTURE

MY DARE HIGHER OF DARE THING.....By Al Brown 38
The work of a good thing you can find

THE HEADSHOTS OF IN MARCH.....By George 40
They showed behind the screen. Two to looking
the death of him that was dead

DARING CARTOONS

CHUCK AND PETE.....By Martin 42

DARING PHOTO FEATURES

GALLERY OF DARE.....COVER
DARING'S DARING.....44
WELL IN A SLIP.....46
MAJOR STING.....48
PINKY BAY.....50

MAN'S DARING is published bi-monthly by Charles Fosters, Inc., 1001 Broadway, New York, N.Y. Editorial office: 1001 Broadway, New York, N.Y. Telephone: MU 2-1111. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: send address changes in New York, N.Y., to MAN'S DARING, 1001 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10017. Outside New York, N.Y., to MAN'S DARING, 1001 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10017. This publication is published bi-monthly and will accept second-class postage at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: send address changes in New York, N.Y., to MAN'S DARING, 1001 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10017. Outside New York, N.Y., to MAN'S DARING, 1001 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10017. This publication is published bi-monthly and will accept second-class postage at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: send address changes in New York, N.Y., to MAN'S DARING, 1001 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10017. Outside New York, N.Y., to MAN'S DARING, 1001 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10017.



WATCH FOR THE SIGN OF THE THUNDERBOLT

Your entrance of the best in men's magazines

Featuring: top writers—daring stories—daring images—beautiful girls

Stop wasting time in a dead-end job!
Enjoy the big rewards offered the
Law-trained man in business

EARN A LAW

DEGREE

in your spare time at home

Without your present position—without your present schooling—you can readily pay up, participate in rapid expansion, big success and advance through LaSalle Law Training at home.

A knowledge of Law is regarded today as indispensable equipment in every career of business. The greatly increased role of government in business the many new problems of Law confronting every, in business contracts, liability, employment and much more—all require the legally trained executive who can make day-by-day decisions effectively. That is why leading corporations seek and work men for key positions and reward them with top salaries.

You can master Law easily and rapidly in your own home under the supervision of LaSalle's distinguished faculty of lawyers and judges. You work with actual legal cases, receiving real experience. Upon completion of your training, you are awarded a Bachelor of Laws degree of qualified. The famed LaSalle Law Library of 18 volumes is given to you as part of your course.

For 55 years LaSalle has been an acknowledged leader in business training, with more than 1,500,000 students sent for the free book "Law Training for Leadership" and are now LaSalle can help you move up rapidly in your career. Address: 417 So. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

LAW

Training
for
Leadership

LA SALLE

EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

An Approved Correspondence Institution
Dept. 0-251 417 South Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Please send me this at cost or obligation, your educational book "Law Training for Leadership."

Name _____

Age _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

5-10



FREE
THE ROAD AND REVEAL THE
COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE

1000

© Copyright 2000 by the American Psychological Association
0893-3200/00/\$12.00 DOI: 10.1037/0893-3200.15.1.103



This concept
defined against
multi-idea idea
Throughout the
page, there is
a multi-idea

AMERICAN SOCIETY OF HUMAN GENETICS
 11 Dupont Circle, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036
 Telephone: (202) 638-2600
 Fax: (202) 638-2601
 E-mail: ashg@ashg.org

FREE
OF CHARGE
BY MAIL

[illegible]

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154	155	156	157	158	159	160	161	162	163	164	165	166	167	168	169	170	171	172	173	174	175	176	177	178	179	180	181	182	183	184	185	186	187	188	189	190	191	192	193	194	195	196	197	198	199	200	201	202	203	204	205	206	207	208	209	210	211	212	213	214	215	216	217	218	219	220	221	222	223	224	225	226	227	228	229	230	231	232	233	234	235	236	237	238	239	240	241	242	243	244	245	246	247	248	249	250	251	252	253	254	255	256	257	258	259	260	261	262	263	264	265	266	267	268	269	270	271	272	273	274	275	276	277	278	279	280	281	282	283	284	285	286	287	288	289	290	291	292	293	294	295	296	297	298	299	300	301	302	303	304	305	306	307	308	309	310	311	312	313	314	315	316	317	318	319	320	321	322	323	324	325	326	327	328	329	330	331	332	333	334	335	336	337	338	339	340	341	342	343	344	345	346	347	348	349	350	351	352	353	354	355	356	357	358	359	360	361	362	363	364	365	366	367	368	369	370	371	372	373	374	375	376	377	378	379	380	381	382	383	384	385	386	387	388	389	390	391	392	393	394	395	396	397	398	399	400	401	402	403	404	405	406	407	408	409	410	411	412	413	414	415	416	417	418	419	420	421	422	423	424	425	426	427	428	429	430	431	432	433	434	435	436	437	438	439	440	441	442	443	444	445	446	447	448	449	450	451	452	453	454	455	456	457	458	459	460	461	462	463	464	465	466
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----

Unsupervised learning supplies the first natural experiments for learning, by identifying the features, dimensions, structure, and relationships that are

That's all it takes, with the aid of this simplified flow-volume knowledge source to gain a complete knowledge of mathematics in which you need to be sure, right? Not only mathematics, but also, more important,

This completely revised and updated version based on many effective methods developed by Professor Thompson at Penn Institute shows how best to manage every type of managerial problem quickly and successfully. From the beginning, you start with a review of each unit, understanding the use of each lesson and material. etc. etc.

Every minute pays big dividends.

With a working knowledge of algebra, trigonometry and geometry, even the most capable man can be left behind. While most who know mathematics are usually rewarded and large sums of money should be hoped. Right now.

Report this activity — Pay attention to the details

They also discuss the great care necessary to find out where products are made and how they are made, and how to make sure that the products are made in a way that is safe for the consumer. The book also discusses the importance of the consumer's role in the market place, and how to make sure that the products are made in a way that is safe for the consumer.

[illegible]

Chloroplasts are organelles found in plant cells and some algae. They are responsible for photosynthesis, the process by which plants convert light energy into chemical energy in the form of glucose. Chloroplasts contain their own DNA and ribosomes, and are surrounded by a double membrane. They are typically oval-shaped and have a green color due to the presence of chlorophyll, the pigment that captures light energy.

For more information, contact the author at 10000 E. 1st Ave., Suite 100, Denver, CO 80231, or call (303) 751-1111.

Figure 1

100

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

Abstract: This study examined the effects of a 6-week training program on the self-reported health status of older adults. The program was designed to improve physical fitness, balance, and cognitive function. Participants were divided into two groups: a control group and an intervention group. The intervention group showed significant improvements in all three areas compared to the control group. These findings suggest that such programs can effectively enhance the perceived health of older adults.



MANAGEMENT OF POLLUTION will be paid up 40% as this industry will pay 10% to get the rest of the pollution control costs covered.

It's a quality-quantitative training course for the Best step in your career. It's the only course that gives you the tools to succeed in the 21st century. It's the only course that gives you the tools to succeed in the 21st century. It's the only course that gives you the tools to succeed in the 21st century.

Name _____ (Please Print)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone () _____

COAST GUARD VESSELS MONITORING ACTS OF
UNLAWFUL FISHING AND REPORTING TO THE
COAST GUARD

[illegible][illegible]

Dear Editor:
 Okay, okay, you've contacted me after reading your article "Waxies and Clippers Can Affect Your Loose Hair." I've made up my mind to move to Florida. The last front board Southern chick who spread me down was the state that broke the camel's back. From now on, it's the hot blasted 'N' south for me.

S.D.
Newark, Ohio
Ed Dave's sense of alibi for me
the weather S.D. Maybe it's not
approach that hangs on the deep
brown dark or not another sun-
spot and then let us hear from
you.

Dear Editor:
After using your new French
vocal Collarte Form, I've decided
to take French lessons. You're
in France. You're different. You
collate.

[illegible]

Dear Editor:

Congrats to Jerry Rasmus on his story, "Paul Newman and the Galaxy of Madmen." That's what I call crime reporting. WJC 11/11/1982 to 11/12/1982

T.L.
 Future, New York
 Ed. Also noted and with notes
 Thanks for the book review

Dear Editor:
The guys and I down at the shop got a big burst out of your cartoons last month. Let's have more stuff of that. We guarantee a spot for them on the bulletin board.

Ed Kemp that spot open. If it
there and luxury cars are in
place for you as before.

Dear Editor:
Your story, "The Naked City of Bad Chores" was a real shocker. How can people who are here to make such abundant use of our best young people?

R.H.R.
Fells Church, Va.

Ed: Exactly the point we were going to emphasize. R.H.R.

DARING'S DARLINGS

It has been a well established fact that women come in assorted cuts and shapes and, an equally well observed maxim, that men like 'em that way. So be it—and so are li. And the best place to see it is inside the pages of **MARY DARING**. You'll find a host of beauty from home and abroad—a little something for everyone.



Can you profit by their mistakes?

"Not getting enough education"

You needn't make that mistake. You can get that better job, those big promotions, the regular raises that so many I.C.S. students report. And you can do it without

"going to school," without interfering with your present job or your social life.

YOU can study with I.C.S. at home, in your spare time!



"Wrong choice of career"

When you study with I.C.S. you have 209 courses to choose from. And part of our job here at I.C.S. is not only giving you instruction

but making sure you pick the course that's right for you!

YOU get expert guidance FREE from I.C.S.!



"Failed to seize opportunities"

Your opportunity is right here on this page. Don't pass it by. Don't put it off. Mail the coupon now and let us send you our free three-booklet career kit.

YOU get 3 FREE booklets if you mail the coupon today!

1. 16-page card index of information, "How to Succeed"

2. Special typing/typing opportunities in your field

3. Sample I. C. S. letter (0049-2).



For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma! I. C. S., Scranton, PA, Penna.

*Accredited Member
National Adult Study Council*

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS



NEW VIDEOS

What you want today, and our best available, today!

AMERICAN BUSINESS

- 1. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 2. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 3. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 4. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 5. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 6. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 7. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 8. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 9. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 10. AMERICAN BUSINESS

AMERICAN BUSINESS

- 1. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 2. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 3. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 4. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 5. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 6. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 7. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 8. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 9. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 10. AMERICAN BUSINESS

AMERICAN BUSINESS

- 1. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 2. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 3. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 4. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 5. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 6. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 7. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 8. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 9. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 10. AMERICAN BUSINESS

AMERICAN BUSINESS

- 1. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 2. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 3. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 4. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 5. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 6. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 7. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 8. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 9. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 10. AMERICAN BUSINESS

AMERICAN BUSINESS

- 1. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 2. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 3. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 4. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 5. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 6. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 7. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 8. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 9. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 10. AMERICAN BUSINESS

AMERICAN BUSINESS

- 1. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 2. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 3. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 4. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 5. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 6. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 7. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 8. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 9. AMERICAN BUSINESS
- 10. AMERICAN BUSINESS

Name _____ Age _____ Birth Date _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send me _____

Complete address and request to International Correspondence Schools, Inc., Scranton, PA. Please include the number of the video you wish to see.

GENERAL
YAGISHI'S

SECRET ARMY

He used sin-savvy Oriental beauties as bait to lure officials with important information into his love traps. A simple set-up? Well, it almost lost a war for this country.

Solara's Note: The author, an American, was born in Hong Kong, (London called it Shanghai and Tokyo and then pulled her skirts around London in England). He had been coming into China (Shanghai for several years when he joined the G.I.s at one of the last agents' camps months before the Army closed camp borders.

When you've been around the Far East as long as I have, you've got few surprises coming so far as women are concerned. You've known them all—the beautiful lady Jay girls who take their quick partners behind city plazas, the water-skiing Chinese girls who are ready out for one look like sailors in a jiffy, and the strong Southern half-breeds whose agents use the best in the (Continued on next page)



OF NAKED GEISHA GIRLS

By FRANK SANCROFT

and
for



"If there is anything you want," the Japanese girl said, "I am here to see that you get it."

The geisha was sponging me with water red with my blood.

world and who live to hurt they can kill a man with their fingers.

But there were some surprises left for me when, one biggy August evening of 1941, I visited the Palace of the 1808 Pleasures in San Francisco. There was still a water-gate town then, its traditional district was lined with pleasure houses, teapots, bars and shops and houses, and you could not walk along the street without being propositioned a couple of times in every block.

The Palace of the 1808 Pleasures was probably the most respectable establishment in the city at that time. The number of clients was limited, the rules were strictest, and you could only get in by special invitation. I got one of those invitations and I went.

There's been nothing else, for the arrangement was by appointment only and the lady old man who managed the place had not the feeling at the door as his Japanese robes and had entered me into one of the pleasure rooms. And that's where my experience started.

A half dozen Japanese girls, such a perfection of face and figure, swarmed around me, the most beautiful giggles, they examined all over me and started taking all my Western underwear off, as it the custom in geisha houses. Where my surprise came in was that the girls' Japanese were not made of the usual female but of transparent silk that clung wetly to their firm figures. They were nothing under these Japanese, small as their party without beauty, their overly rounded hips and slender heads. They swarmed all over me, dressing me with

they sat, silky bodies they played and laughed, and they put the down on a few Japanese words and brought me tea, and they sang and they danced and they maintained clothes that told everything.

It would have been great if I'd been at the Palace of the 1808 Pleasures exactly the other end of good time. But I wasn't, I was there on serious business, damn serious business, and I noticed the reminder me of it there was the presence in my thoughts of the thin leather straps that held the sheets of a tiny but sharp knife and the small battery of a short-barreled pistol, chambered for 22 caliber magazine explosive dum-dum bullets. Because, if our inspectors were correct, this wasn't a palace of pleasure but of intrigue and death, and from the moment I'd stepped through the door I'd been in mortal danger.

A few years were making it as a hot and windy number day in Washington D.C., my chief had called me into his office.

"Frank," the colonel said, "we have got a real problem on our hands. We've lost some of our best men—Army, Navy, Air Corps, OSS—before they will get up a boat to go out to the Far East. The man go out to San Francisco to the Port of Embarkation. They go to town for a last night of revelry first. And then they don't come back."

"Discovery?"

The colonel shook his head. "No question of that. Everyone of them was reliable top-notch. All Far Eastern operations like yours will. They just disappear without a trace. And there's another thing

too. We've looked some Japanese rules on things that indicate that some of our most important secrets are leaking out. Lots other things are leaking out. Look, what else are leaking out? Correlation? What we plan to do when the day comes that the Japs attack?"

"Can any leaks?"

"Not many. Frank, Western very interested. The thing is to do it to go to France and then around. There's no doubt that the source of trouble is somewhere in the Bay Area. There is some powerful faction of Japanese aware of work."

"Why not just round up all the Japs?"

"We can't do that. We aren't at war yet. Let me tell you what we do know. We know that General LeMay, let's see one of the men who disappeared—and someone that he was going to a geisha house."

"That figure," I said. "He was an old Far East hand, and we all like geisha. What geisha in the world?"

The colonel grinned. "Myself. I like American girls best," he said. "But he that as a map, the general went to a geisha house, and the other men who disappeared probably went too. I think we have a wholesale leak and espionage operation on our hands."

"Shouldn't he be here to find the Franco geisha houses?" I said.

"No one," the colonel said. "I checked the logs as their operations are legitimate. There's nothing we can do. This is still a free country and I hope it stays that way. Only thing to do is to get into the back door and sniff around. I suggest you start at the Palace of 1808 Pleasures."

It's means about the place it was highly "respectable" which means expensive. My chief showed me my last.

"I know," the colonel said. "We been operating for years and let the best people for clients. But let me tell you the about five months ago, just before the trouble started, the Palace changed ownership. A woman who calls herself Lady Yakamoto now runs the place. And now have come the leaks."

"What's that?"

"We had a report from our embassy in Tokyo about a year ago that General Yagata, director of Japanese special operations in

continued on page 44



VICKI GRAY



Vicki Gray is the latest graduate of the New School of British liveliness who have come to grace our shores. Salty and impetuous, they are carrying far all time the top image of the traditionally frigid English society. Vicki is typical of the likeliest new generation who have traded in their tweeds for rock clothes.



As a child during the days of Hitler's bids, Yoda was hardly developing a few secret weapons of her own. The orthodontist, she says, put braces and her ears. However, she still enjoys the certain active professions, like making up a happy night with a good conversation.

Don't be misled by Vicki's charming British accent when she calls you "old boy" it means the same as when a Georgia peach calls you "sugar."



THE
NUDE GYPSY
AND HER LIVING DEAD!



She was love-hungry for men, and those who could appease her wild, wanton appetite became slaves to this Mistress of Hell.

by PERKE KOULANDER

Ignace Ratz, Manner's biographer is one of France's leading newspapermen and magazine writers. His specialty is the reporting of international crime cases.

THE CROWD WROTE WAS stirring up an no empty corner of the field, not far from the wrestling arena. It was late at night now; the eager cry of the curly-haired had stopped, and in its place broken sound of the break, heavy pass from the belly down suddenly veiled through the darkness. The first wheel still turned, and the back had was

doing a last office business.

Heavy from the carnival's multicolored pulchre of light, an enormous drink swelled across the field, past the group, back toward the French town of Epinal. One of them was Jacques, Henry, a 28-year-old page writer. Jacques was a good-looking, healthy young man; he had gone to the carnival to laugh and to drink and to forget that he had just been jilted by his girl.

When Jacques passed the *journalist on page 40*





THE
**ABOMINABLE
SNOW-WOMAN**
OF MT. BADRINATH

"Look no past or behind him," he called. "He's gone
past that I see!"



They said she didn't exist, that she was a myth, but the woman he held in his arms was real—or was he going mad?

By ERNEST YETI

Editor's Note: Mr. Yeti is an American mountaineer with great climbing experience in the Himalayas. He was a member of the famous expedition which was the first to reach the peaks of Annapurna. The story he tells here is about another climb.

Just as Jonathan was strapping our sled in the loading camp, his sled cracked in two places where it had jammed against the jagged edge of the cliff during his fall. He had been clinging ahead of the rest of our party and somehow he must have lost

his footing on the ledge above, for he had landed down the two hundred foot cliff and landed with a rebound that on the slope where we were now standing. The three of us, myself, Dr. Beverfield, and Lou Hiltchmidt our photographer, were stooping over his dying, broken body. He seemed to be trying to tell us something. "What is it? What is it, Jon?" I cried. Finally, between the blood gushing from his open mouth, he managed to say, "I—don't—know—white—like—snow—" (Continued on next page)



Lee had little fear of attacking the big mammoth. It was then the thought disappeared.

shook—bowed me. "Then, the death-rattle choking in his throat, he died."

The throb of an answering ear grid looked at me without an emotion. "What did he say?" Dr. Severfield asked. He was a burly man with a big, black beard and a new change to see him in his eyes. "Could it have been the answer—that was he having a hallucination?"

"Yes," he said. "I was a die," Lee said. "And that the dead were." Lee was a genuine westerner with full brown and red hair and a blue and white shirt as if she was older than she was on the mountain. I knew she had her eyes on me. "Well, whatever it was," I said, "there's nothing more we can do now but bury James. It's a damn lie's not going to be able to tell us anything more." I took another look at Lee, and the thought struck my mind that she might be a good time for me to examine her. We'd done a lot of digging that day and all of us would see a little relaxation.

At this point, Owsen, our head

porter, and one of his men came up the slope. Owsen was a short, stout Neapolitan, and his accent was, I didn't trust him much, a damn. I didn't like the man's looks that he always carried in his belt, and I didn't like the way he looked at Lee. Dr. Severfield told me what had happened, and what he mentioned the strange woman in white to whom the dying man had referred. The old man, he said. "We are lost!" Screaming wildly, he roared down the slope toward our low camp before any one even thought of stopping him. Dr. Severfield was puzzled. "Now what could have possessed that man?" Gently Owsen replied, "It had none. When he got to camp he told all powers about and saw, they all died. You'll see."

"To better try to stop them," Dr. Severfield said. He motioned Owsen to follow him and started down the mountain. "What for us here?" he cried over his shoulder.

I didn't mind at all being left alone with Lee. She was still pretty quiet about James' death and her cheeks were red with tears of grief. I put my arm around her and led her to a mound of stones near the top of the slope. I pulled her to me, leaving her eyes and again, reaching into her pocket with my free hand. "That's, that's," she protested. "Not now! She was right. It was not the right man." "Thought then," I said. "Let me come to you when the others are asleep." She looked at me for a long while, then she shook her head, indicating her unwillingness. My long wait was finally going to pay off.

WE HAD STARTED OUT on our expedition early in August and now it was the first week of September and we were only slightly more than halfway to the top of Mt. Baldhead which rose to a height of over 22,000 feet in the Cascade System of the rugged Sierras. Unlike most mountains on these lofty mountains, you was not, nevertheless, simply because Baldhead was there. We were a scientific party headed by a scientific report of a two-legged creature who had been seen at different times by several other climbers during their attempts to scale the slopes of Baldhead. I didn't believe a word of it myself, but Dr. Severfield was particularly excited about these rumors, for he was an anthropologist doing special research of the

so-called "missing link" theory. He had his suspicions that the creature seen on the mountain might be the solution to that long-unresolved mystery. I had agreed up with the expedition as a guide and, to be honest, I was much more interested in Lee than in mountains.

When Dr. Severfield returned with Owsen it was obvious that the look on his face told me more than he said. His black beard bristled with anger. "That fool power did not what Owsen said he would," he declared. "He pointed all the other parties and they put the ball out of camp before we could get to them. Now we'll have to leave most of our equipment behind, and descend if we can go up with the climb with out them. He refused to descend to give the whole thing up until Lee reminded him of James' dying words. "What about the strange thing he saw? Shouldn't we at least go up and have a look?" Lee's words reminded Severfield's curiosity and after some heated protesting we started out to climb the cliff.

ONE MORE mistake was the clear wall many two hundred feet vertically to the ledge from which James had fallen. He had given up about as far as to push him to the base of the rock in order to make it easier for the rest of us to follow. And now, with ropes tied to our waists, we made the climb, precarious ascent, which was complicated all the more by a rock wall and a wet snow that hung over the face of a ledge. "The mountain, he is in the air!" Owsen said behind me. A chill ran through my body at his words. The mountain is death to climbers of a million times high up in the mountains, but it seemed to me too early in the month for the storm to begin. "Keep that head of talk to yourself!" I said sternly to Owsen, for I had the feeling he was trying to worry us. We moved steadily upward up the steep wall then suddenly death was upon us, passed our view.

Finding rest on the rope, Dr. Severfield lost his footing and was hanging on over the precipice. For a moment, it seemed certain that the doctor's enormous weight would drag all of us down with him. He would, too, if I couldn't swing him back into the wall so that he could grab a hook.

Continued on page 52

THE MANY SIDES OF MARIE STINGER

For a taste of honey without getting stung, we suggest Marie Stinger—a girl who likes things sweet, sweet music, sweet talk, sweet desserts. Wowed about Karl Lagerfeld's body? Not Marie. As hard as an off her own occasional brand of Trueting keeps her in beautiful shape.





Marie is a girl of many talents. Her friends are always surprised when they learn that she is as adept as an athlete as she is a bikini—and very few girls can top Marie when it comes to being a chocolate lover.



Marie is always on the go, go, go. A real flower, who likes swimming, tennis, dancing, and, of course, men. Especially men who like chocolate super girls.

Indecent or not, Marie's fun to be with—and when you're with her, you're in for a good time-out you can keep up with her.



A popular girl, with many friends and admirers, she attributed it all to her outgoing personality. She hopes to be a great success in pictures, and from here it looks like she's a lock. But Maria isn't certainly losing any sleep over it. She shrugs her shoulders and leaves things up to fate. She can't care, on the matter any.



Living like in the film is Maria's goal. She has fun whenever she does. No pride, she enjoys a few scotch and drinks with an interesting companion. Her preference is beverages. Singers, naturally.



HELL IN A BLUE BIKINI

By RALPH WHORLE as told to JIM MILLER

LARRY, Mike, the Mink & I had taken three regulars who called the meeting a bunch of monkeys and all kind of other big fish tales had appeared in many of the major newspapers and magazines across the United States. Mike advised that we better not expect much from those things where the big game, a number of strong male players in Florida parks and deserted towns.

They looked at the power in the sun pit and turned out to look at Betty's body.

I didn't want to, I tried to lower my head, but one of the cops noticed and turned my head until I turned it again. "Keep your eyes straight ahead," he said contempt cutting through his voice like the edge of a steel blade. "You're supposed to be a tough guy. Take a good look at your work."

I fell into. A twisting wave of nausea rose from the pit of my stomach and I had to fight like hell to keep from throwing up. I was drunk, all right, but I couldn't take anything like this.

Betty Tuckers' love-life was a thing of the past. Her hair looked like a matted mass of mouse-recessed. Her skin was bleached and her skin had turned blue-white from the cold. But this wasn't the worst of it.

They yanked back the sheet. Great hands of her skin and flesh had been ripped away by sharks or harpoonists, exposing her bones and ribs again. There were two gaping holes where her eyes once were. Her neck had been almost bitten through.

The handmen began coming to leave and every inch of my body. I felt lost. The cop jerked me around and led the way from the cold slab where Betty was lying.

I glanced over to see how the women were taking it. The blonde had grown slightly pale under her tanned skin. But other than that, there was no reaction. She stared at the corpse as hard-eyed and tough as if she were looking at a slightly speckled piece of

She turned her head and for a few seconds my eyes were not behind. We didn't speak. We had nothing to say to each other, now. Anything that had been believed in was over and done with—killed by the dead and in the streets.

Later, back in my cell, I had lots of time to think things over and remember how I'd come to meet Doc in the first place.

I still remember, I suppose, when we decided to come down to the little Florida resort town. There was a lot of it. We were all going to the same old bar and we figured that would be a great place to have a ball during spring vacation.

There were a lot of cops and girls there from different colleges. Mostly, they came to have a good time. They were a lot of cops and maybe have themselves a romance. But I wanted something more than that. I wanted love, I wanted action.

I don't know when my three buddies really went out and I didn't promise them to find out. I was the leader of the crowd and they followed me.

I was older than the others and had been around a hell of a lot more. Before I went off to college, I'd had several years in the merchant marine and had also worked on the waterfront at both New York and San Francisco. I wanted company on my trip south, and I told the others that if they stuck with the I'd show them the best of time they'd never had before.

It was wasn't there a day before Mike Dave and Freddie had found themselves there girls from a nearby girl's college. I was still holding off though. I wanted something more; the trip, then a chance of American shore. I found what I was looking for in my third girl there.

She was wearing a small blue bikini which let everything but the breast. continued on page 14

*As the Armistice grew closer, he lost the girl
he wanted girl in his arms and pulled her close to him.*



*This was to be a party to end all parties—and, for one of them, it was going
to turn out just that way.*



"Well, you have all the pets you want, now
I want one of my own."

GALS and PETS

Vol. 1
1954



"Here I know you're
just admiring her dog!"



"Have him back no later than 2001"



"Your dog is suffering from lack of love... our rehabilitation program starts with the owner."



She felt the hot stare of the hotel security for that, but heard the wild laugh of the man who lived the shot—then she looked out.

MY 9 NIGHTS OF NAKED TERROR

By AL MISCOE

Ed took his. For anyone whose beauty appeared to you and this word conference, the man of it, however it is, however, in fact, of the San Francisco newspaper by the city as revealed the front of a flight passed, and the subsequent death of John Kennedy, proved the vulnerability of the American dream.

My first was in my room—14 On in all dimensions, which would make all my dreams come true. A place in the sun, down Mississippi, with all the stars and columns of the great, however, from

my mind. Yeah, in that little black bag was my airway ticket from Malibu Street to New Street. The last office on the 10th floor had been very perfect after my careful work. But that was all behind me. And so was the room.

Earlier in the day, going to a maintenance room in your room, I'd see the hunger alone in the window—I'd just finished my last when the night watchman whipped up to spot my moving piece in the house of his flashlight. I hurried. (Continued on next page)



To be the only man in a harem of beautiful and willing women is something most men dream about, and, in this case, the dream came true—but the demands of the passionate playthings turned the dream into a nightmare. 21



"This is just going to be a couple of what you'll get," she
girl sneered. "If you try talking to the cops."

So all set, onto the live stage
started down the steps. By the
time I dropped into the court-
yard, equal rain was raining up
the neighborhood. I strode the
back lawn, came out on Kalamazoo
Street when a looking horse-
man passed me. I wasn't going to play
him and horses on them. But
Francisco built I looked back, so
in the after, squeezed through a
curtain of raindrops. A small
cops whistle telling the rest of
the pack to converge on the vic-
tim, for we clambered up a few
steps, ladder. A second story
window was open. Winky, sud-
denly I slipped inside.

The room was dark, except for
the morning of the moon and
empty. The bed looked inviting
enough to rest in until the morn-
ing. I threw off my pants,
lashed off my shoes and tossed
myself into the crisp cool
sheets. The clock had just hit
I closed my eyes and fell asleep.
I was dreaming of a soft pro-
tected girl with button eyes and
honeyed lips lying there beside
me like I loved me, and her long
black hair brushed my face. To-
day as I walked and playfully
poked her away, and then I
heard her voice, poked with per-
son and wrong.

"What's the matter honey?
Don't you like it?"

It was as that, I was almost
lost I tried to open my eyes,
about that the dream would dis-
appear but I did. And it wasn't
a dream—it was real! DARK, sur-
rounding really there in a
transparent nightmare with re-
luctance that were made to be
lost.

I would go to the light and
saw her in this a few poles
And then suddenly I remember

of what had happened during the
night. Had it been a dream or

I didn't have to wonder any
more. The judge converted into
the pale elongated man was
proof enough. But who was this
mysterious lieutenant of mine?
And where was the man?

As if to answer, the door swung
open. The man looked in it, a
cigar in his mouth, tossed over her
elaborate shoulders, pointing a sym-
metrical finger at me. "That's
him, that's the man," she cried.

I looked to a sitting position,
ready to make a break for it.
But, slow the whole set, no.
It was the cop. But it wasn't.
A woman pushed herself past
the girl and strode into the room.
She had a strong, angular face,
covered with curls of platinum
hair and a heavy beauty that lay
over them, a body marked
with muscles. She looked like a
female wrestler with a taste to
match.

"What are you doing here?
How did you get in? Who are
you?" she snapped each word
cracking like a blow. The girl
went for an answer. "Get your
clothes on and beat it. It's the
year, black leg, don't forget it.
You're not welcome here!"

I thought you'd see how up
late to my room," she girl said.

I swung my legs off the bed
and took to the big, heated floor.
"I've been thrown out of better
places than this but..." I took
off at the girl and there her a
fire-bomb made. "Thanks for the
biggie rule, sweetheart!"

The girl snickered and was pro-
duced out of the room by her long
girl friend. I closed my eyes with
cold water from the tap, wiped
the wrinkles out of my clothes,
scraped up my mangle of hair

then usually said my—down a
light of steps in the lobby on the
first floor. I hit confusion now,
morning had cleared the air of
the red of street. And then my
charless house, lit up by
between the double doors. She was
all right, like a suburban house-
wife in a flower dress.

"Do people not please!" she
said. "I know I was rude, but I
was upset. That I make it up to
you by asking you to stay to
breakfast?" She sure you'd enjoy
the company made."

How was I to know it? Was like
the speaker asking the tip to
come into her party? I followed
her through the double doors and
suddenly my feet landed to the
open. There sat my person play-
mate of last night seated at a
long table with a dozen other de-
lectable dishes—blond and
brave, brunette in pajamas,
high-collared, looking, looking, eating,
smiling, smoking, talking, laughing.
They sat me curiously as I sat
down, and Madam, lowering her
a mother hen over her chicks
moved among their pecking and
fire.

"Isn't it nice, girls?" she said.
"We meant not a man so early in
the day."

What was this with society
house a girl, like a beautiful
house? Whichever it was, I had a
lot of possibilities, and I meant
to explore every one of them. It
turned out to be the most ac-
count day of my life. I had my work
of the crop and then the one
when that and the one after it
a woman (young sister of love
underneath. Madam made sure I
had all the comforts of home, and
what a house it was! The man
I had rub for me, had two of the
girls manage the whole matter
had my clothes whisked away to
be pressed. I was headmistress
of the house at least so I thought.
And when the conversation pulled the up
sharply and the conversation glared
at through about I was confused
the world of people shifted.

I didn't run any attention to
the frequent ringing of the
front doorbell that night as the
man's voice was flung up to my
room. I was busy with my own
affairs. Somewhere in the study
house of morning, I lay into a
deep unconscious sleep. When I
woke up, soaked perspiration, I decided
that the shattered plans of Mon-
day couldn't wait any longer. In

continued on page 20



PEGGY RAY

Like the skilled Aphrodite riding, deep-sea diver, up from the waves comes Peggy Ray, a gal with a hunch for fun in the sun. Peg is a real beach fox, likes to romp on the golden sands. She's the girl who's been missing from your beach blanket, the one you used to rub sand on all on your back. She's a good swimmer, and one of the few girls who gets her bathing-suit wet.



Peggy's passion for sun-worship-
ping doesn't mean that she'd sit
just in a little moonlight expo-
sure—she'd not with just any guy.
It has to be Mr. Right, or no one.



Relaxing in the surf keeps
Peg cool and relaxed after a
hot day's posing before the
camera. Easygoing and vivacious,
she is wild about all
sports-outdoors and is. Her
big ambition in life, besides
modeling, is to cultivate an
all-over tan. A sunny disposition
and her willingness to go
along with almost anything
makes her the perfect candidate
for the desert-stand-
with-you lot!



HOW DO YOU RATE AS A LOVER? TAKE THE LOVE TEST

Find out if you're really the Don Juan you think you are.

By DR. GRAYLE STRATHON



The girl in your arms may be willing, but are you able?

NOT SO LONG AGO, a young man came to my office. He was tall, handsome and had the muscular build of an athlete—in short, he looked like a winner. Yet, the rest of him most healthy girls would have to get their hands on. But the story he told me proved just the opposite.

True enough, he had no trouble meeting girls, dating them, and usually, to get a flirty, prewedding. When to engage in love affairs. But was he physically capable of giving a woman the pleasure and satisfaction she requires in her relations with a lover. His woman, meanwhile, started a few days after they had become intimate with him. Every one of the girls he had known became hysterical after a few days, started badgering, began flirting with other, often older men and even left him. He didn't know what to do. "I don't understand it, doctor," he said, "there isn't anything these girls could do that I couldn't do as well or better. And when won't I get these girls off?"

The young man's dilemma was far from unusual. Most men, particularly young men, are convinced they are perfect gifts to women, but distance proves otherwise. Six out of ten married women are dissatisfied with their husbands as lovers. Eight out of ten unmarried girls who have had affairs report that the arrangement was highly unsatisfying. Most of them say that they get no satisfaction whatever out of their sexual liaison and complain that the men just didn't understand them and their needs, not as individuals so much, but as females of the human species.

Although women of the magazine probably know more about women than the average American adult, their criticism would indicate that, even so, there they feel of them—perhaps you yourself—don't know as much about women as they should and are not the expert lovers that they think they are.

So, before reading my further, why don't you take the Don Juan Answer the questions honestly and then



Women, you've been told, like men who are sure of themselves—who take command of affection and leave what they are doing. Do you fall into that category?

count up your score. Later we'll see where you might have gone wrong.

LOVE TEST

Part I

Count 3 points when the answer is "always," 1 when it is "usually," 1 when it is "only rarely," and give yourself no points when the answer is "never."

- 1) Do you bring her flowers and other little gifts?
- 2) Do you remember her birthday and your parents' anniversary?
- 3) Are you a gentleman—do you light her cigarettes, hold her with her coat open, doors for her, etc.?
- 4) Do you listen to her with interest when she has something to tell you?
- 5) Do you compliment her on her clothes, notice her new hairdo?
- 6) Do you make sure that you are always clean, neat and well groomed in her company?
- 7) Are you always well dressed when you kiss her?
- 8) Are you completely free and unashamed when you make love (or are you ashamed of your body)?
- 9) Do you recognize and respect the fact that most women need more time and emotional and physical preparation to become passionate than the average man? Do you give her that time (or are you grossly impatient in your love play)?
- 10) When she is still aroused but you are tired, do you make an effort to comply with her desires?
- 11) Are you willing to go along when she feels like engaging in love experimentation?
- 12) Do you tell her your deep inner-most secrets?
- 13) Do you respect her wishes when she does not want to—or is unable—to make love?
- 14) Can she be sure that you will live up to your responsibilities if your relationship results in conception?
- 15) If she is not your wife, do you make sure that no possible group (Concluded on next page)



Does she cling to you, tell you that you're the only man in the world for her? If she doesn't, do you know why?



Do you treat your women as if she's the only one in the world? Are you sure enough of yourself not to get jealous if your gal goes out with another man? If the answers are yes, you are a lover.

is willing or seems to be. Thus, if you are the most man, you'll start dating your biggest mistakes.

After a few days of being an anti-commission making, when the situation seems to be ripe—or for that matter on the night of the honeymoon—most men (currently 75 per cent according to statistics) engage in the performance only once; there is no further resistance.

There is a big over. When love play has reached that point the girl may be willing to take you as her lover but she is not yet ready to truly enjoy it. Most women, fortunately young women with relatively little sexual experience, need two-making or something is ready for up to one hour before they are as excited as you were just seeing her in that clinging, transparent negligee. This takes patience,忍耐力 and a thorough understanding of the female nervous system. (There are any number of popular medical works that can enlighten you on the subject of regression when the areas of sexual desire, women have a lot more of them than most men think, and not always in the most obvious places either.)

BEST EVEN THAT is not enough. Women are just so concerned about what happens when making love as about what happened before or during. It takes her a lot

longer to come down. So, again, great lovers have always been experts also at what is known as "afterplay" which, essentially, is pretty much the same as the letting-up except that it is more more gentle and should focus on intimacy and the more affectionate and unprovoked it is the better women like it. After play accomplishes two important goals: not only does it gratify the woman physically but it also assures her emotionally that her lover still loves her, and loves her every more, more than he has "had his way" and enjoyed her anatomy.

Haley's great lovers, like Don Juan, who had some 200 sexual mistresses and more than twice as many brief affairs, have devoted pages in their memoirs to the pleasure they gave their women by attending them properly before and after and at the very best happy women gave them in return.

But no matter how wonderfully you may have treated the girl if you love after you will do her, not to a lover if you don't keep her happy and making out of your head.

IT COMES WITHOUT SAYING that such successful sexual contact should be approached with the same care, consideration, and concentration as the first, this you either did or have gone on beyond

most learn quickly enough that there does pay a greater when they work at satisfying the girl instead of themselves, but that isn't enough either. There is more to life than bed and sex.

For one thing, satisfying lovers share other experiences with their wives and mistresses. They go to shows together and to ballrooms together, dance, restaurants. And at all these occasions great lovers treat their women as if there were no other women in the world. But at the same time they don't mind if they women talk to other men or dance with them. They are so sure of themselves they don't have to be jealous. They know that they are "bigger men."

And lucky great lovers may write speeches but they never talk about their loves. They know what happens between lovers is nobody else's business and that women, particularly are convinced that this job is best, when it is not shared is the conversation.

WHILL YOU HAVE TAKEN the love test? Take it again after putting into the scales their simple rules, and you'll find that your score'll rise. There may be just one little problem: better be sure you really love the girl because she'll never let you go. That's one difficulty the great lovers have had made the drive of history. **♦♦**

THE HEADCHOPPER OF EL MAKDECH

By TONY BOROSON

EDITOR'S Note: Anthony Boroson, an American GI who is held prisoner, related a good part of his life in North Africa. Being able to speak a good many of the native dialects, as well as being distinguished for his often heroic exploits for the United States, he is being held prisoner by the Arabs and American forces.

Y^{OU} could imagine that the water lapping against the rubber hull of my boat and the fact we were slipped into the "water" behind the water pit, was making me feel brought to land and now it was going back to the safety of the darkness of the night and the water below. Ahead of us lay the sandy beach, just a couple of miles north of El Makdech. We were coming in from the Mediterranean and looking on the coast of North Africa behind the lines of German Afrika Korps.

I looked ahead, into the hills that rose gently behind the sandy shore. There was no sign of the working signal yet that we were supposed to get from our Arab friend. For a moment I had a sinking feeling on the pit of my stomach. When all the while had everything seemed—had dropped us off in the wrong point and there was no land, nothing as close to water as

For a brief moment I considered on the fate of my friends in the rubber boat with me. None of them could pass for an Arab as I could. On the other side the water sandy beach, blue-eyed Bill Hammon, at a commando unit here as I was. Even, with the dandy glass of a ship, he was capable of subduing only and awful death. The other two occupants of the boat were both women. They were both in their early twenties, nearly stooped, with most burned faces. We knew them as Marie and Alice. They were no longer, speaking French, English, and German fluently. They were tight lipped females, had kept much to themselves about the war, and we knew little of their backgrounds. Only that they were as hard as nails and quite capable of performing the dangerous missions in which we were taking them.

And that dangerous mission was simple that: to make our way into El Makdech where the Afrika Korps had one of its better equipped headquarters and a military hospital. In that hospital was a British and officer who had been wounded and taken prisoner in battle. That was General George Odgers—a whose being was linked some of Montgomery's most secret plans for his attack on the Afrika Korps in the North Africa fields, on with Eisenhower, Mark Allen and Marie, had German radio stations with General. Their job was to get away to the hospital to which we were to take them. They were to find General Odgers and either attempt to rescue him or to kill him, and take his tape from the Germans who in yet did not know what kind of a prize they had captured.

F^{OR} THAT moment I began my friends in the boat with me. I concentrated on the dark shore about getting silently to the working light that would let me know my Arab friend was waiting for me. And then suddenly came the blow that revealed we had been betrayed by the Arab who was supposed to meet us and guide us into the boat.

A band of Schomberg's soldiers in the rapid on across the beach that appeared us from the shore. It stopped into the water all around us making out our bodies and the thin rubber skin of the boat. It drove them out into the rubber boat and also started to deliver almost immediately.

We huddled at the end. The boat was under-weighed down by our automatic arms, grenades, and plastic explosives. We found ourselves scrambling in waist-deep water, struggling to maintain our footing. There was nothing we could do but continue on into shore, making to the shore, without even, debilitation, the beach led to the shore.

We stumbled into shore. The Germans and the Arab were waiting for us. The Germans took us very big prize on their boat. (Continued on next page)

Deprived of food and water, tortured almost to the point of madness, the women still withheld the information the enemy wanted—even the fearsome threat of the headman's axe couldn't make them talk.



"Kill us," the girl screamed. "But it won't work, only our bravery will!"



"You will talk, or I will kill you," the Nazi yelled. "No matter how much I desire you, I'll kill you if you don't."

They passed at the girls' elbow their heads from them and opening them up. Then German Army came and we pulled out on the road.

"What are these for?" a Hitler yelled at us.

The girls shook their heads. They said nothing. This seemed to irritate the German captain. A wicked light glimmered in his eye. He looked like Schmeisser's pistol to one of his squad. He bowed mysteriously to Maria and Alicia. "Thank me to show you the way" he said sarcastically.

Tom Gessage was a big, heavy-chested man. He started the girls forward. Then stopped behind Maria and took out his foot, stepping her and stopping her speaking to the man. The German leaped on her, crying out, "You were trying to escape!" The other Maria laughed as her hands passed at the red corners of her body clumsily seeking her out, looking at her blouse but not let German lips smiling openly as wet kisses at her mouth. Maria fought her desperately and silently, searching and driving at him.

But Hammett, my English friend, could take the unexpected struggle no longer. He suddenly lunged at the German. He got two steps when he was suddenly choked over the back of the head by one of the Germans. He was knocked sprawling, the blood from his head would seeping into the

road.

I kept a tight grip on myself. The time was not yet ready for a fight. Maria, her clothes were her heavy half-spread her skirt, up around her thighs, lay sobbing helplessly in the mud.

Maria and Alicia were taken away by the German squad. "You will be taught manners by Gen. and Wolf Hammett," the Hitler said and then "We will make you talk about your nation."

We were looked up a hill by two Germans and the Arab. We were ordered into the back of an open truck and knocked down on the rough wooden planks that made its base. Our hands and feet were tied with rope. One German remained in the back with us armed with a Schmeisser to guard us, while the other German got into the cab to drive the truck and the Arab sat beside him.

The truck picked up speed as it went down the road. The German with us stood near the tail gate and brandished. Finally he came over to us, each cigarette in our mouths, and lit them. The momentary flash of light had almost blinded me. I watched the German closely as he stretched up to strike a fresh match for his own cigarette. When it was lit and he was bringing it close to his face I knew that he could see nothing past the end of the cone of light. His Schmeisser was resting on the floor on its stock, leaning against his knee. I stretched up my legs

and looked out. I caught the German in the green. He glared and jerked backward, his knees shook, my against the vehicle. His movements were fast, strong, and his arms moved dramatically. He pulled out over the vehicle, unbalanced at the air and tumbled down with a thud on his head. He was now lost to sight to us.

Now we pulled up something about our plight. We started working, the ropes against the jagged metal that held the sides of the truck. In a few minutes we had the ropes loosed enough to touch it by pulling ourselves up. We got our hands free and then untied the ropes around our ankles.

I pulled up the Schmeisser and examined and poked it through the cab window against the back of the head of the German who was driving the truck. The truck ground to a halt. We got down and pulled the German and the Arab out of the cab. We tied the German hand and foot and then pushed him down on the floor of the cab.

We took the Arab out into the desert. Hammett took a radio sharp knife out of the folds of the Arab's garment and put the blade of the knife against the Arab's throat.

"Where were the girls taken?" "To the white building," The Arab spoke rapidly. "At the edge of town. Near close to the hospital." The hospital is the biggest building in the town of El Bida-ah.

Hammett gently moved the rough the Arab's neck and his papery skin and then pumped back out at the way of the blood spurted forth. The Arab sank down on his knees and begged us to make the flow stop. We watched him, he said again only on his side "This is happen," Hammett said. We turned our backs and disappeared back to the truck.

We went upstairs with a Schmeisser now. We found the truck around and drove back to the truck. We walked on to our machine rubber band and salvaged and placed explosives and grenades. We decided to leave our automatic weapons in the water since the water might have gotten into the wires or the mud leaked the mechanism. We would rely on the Schmeisser. And the plan for explosives would go all over

color water.

We stopped the German along in his underwear and lay up, and left her in a mere Hamamok put in the Nazis underwear and we got back into the truck and headed for town. The Englishman was driving.

As we approached the town I got down on the floor, ducking under the dashboard, and we cut through the road black down with no trouble. We spotted the hospital building and then turned in as the house came along where the Arab had said the girls were taken for interrogation.

I slipped out my side of the car as the German entry came up to question the driver, Bill Hamamok. "Show me your papers," he growled Hamamok at them slowly, looking straight ahead as if he had not heard. The driver got angry. "Can you not hear?" he bellowed in guttural German as a noise loud enough to make the dead.

I came up behind the entry. He was wearing the red cap of the Arab Corps. I turned, my shoulder and in, and brought a cutting down. His own hand drove into the German's chest. The force of the blow dropped the entry right down to his knees and he reared there on the ground. Teeth began to roll slowly from his eyes. I had trouble avoiding the German's hand; out of his head. But it came finally, and the entry went over on his back. He was dead by the time he stretched out.

WE TURNED THE TRUCK around to face the entrance. We debated whether to leave it with the motor running at risk, and finally decided against it. We didn't know if we might run short of gasoline or not. The best we could do was keep ourselves from getting blown off in the driveway by leaving the truck door, almost out of the yard.

We dragged the dead German entry into the bushes at the side of the house. Then we started around the house. Finally we spotted a light coming through a window, crossing a pillar window. We went up close and heard a girl's cry of agonized pain. We broke out into a cold sweat. We had recognized Maria's voice.

WE STARTED TO GO around the back of the house in search of the entrance door. And then we

from We found somebody what lay an off-white version of Lab Marton. Then we spotted him—the entry—a few yards away from the rear door, leaning up his trousers. He had left his gun leaning up against the wall of the house.

I moved in towards the door. We wanted to take the German quietly. He came walking back towards me and greeted me "You are?" he asked. Then he saw my Schmeisser pointed again at his body and his hands started to move rapidly. By this time, my Karpis hand was in position behind him. We heard him yell as a board fell Hamamok brought its edge down against the back of the German's neck in a shaking stroke. The German's neck broke. He was dead before he hit the ground.

We pulled the Nazi into the bushes and dumped him there. Then we creaked across the yard and into the house. We took our way along the wall in the dark and could not come to the other main entrance. We started working our way down the steps at a corner. We found the other partitioned off into small cell-like rooms.

We moved quickly down a hall way towards the corner of the house we could hear, and then saw the light coming through the doorway. We passed in close, staying in the shadows and then passed into the room.

WE CAME INTO a large, dimly lit Arab, evidently a half-breed, the product of a mating between one of the Arabs and a Kaffir black, who had gone over to the German side. He was making kind of much doctor. His exact position, locally we never learned. He had one of his hands bound in Maria's hair, twisting her head down sideways on a wooden stool. Cutting black in his other hand, he held a dagger, and he was about to chop through her neck, back-landing her.

Across the ceiling room was the Miss General, Wall whom I recognized from her picture. He had Maria's arm twisted behind her back and was putting on pressure. Her clothes were torn and drenched with her shoulders, neck and breasts covered with white marks, black and blue from the pressure of torture every

continued on page 44

This Free sample lesson can start you on a high-pay career as

ACCOUNTANT, AUDITOR, CPA



The demand for trained Accountants, Auditors and CPAs is growing rapidly. This is a career opportunity that offers you a high salary and a secure future. For the free sample lesson for the Accountant, Auditor, CPA, write to:

1. Please send me your sample lesson for the Accountant, Auditor, CPA, which shows, step by step, how to become a successful Accountant, Auditor, CPA. I will also send you a free sample lesson for the Accountant, Auditor, CPA. I will also send you a free sample lesson for the Accountant, Auditor, CPA. I will also send you a free sample lesson for the Accountant, Auditor, CPA.

The procedure is as follows:

1. Write a letter to the nearest branch of the American Institute of Accountants, Auditors and CPAs, and ask for a free sample lesson for the Accountant, Auditor, CPA. I will also send you a free sample lesson for the Accountant, Auditor, CPA. I will also send you a free sample lesson for the Accountant, Auditor, CPA.

2. Fill out the form and send it to the nearest branch of the American Institute of Accountants, Auditors and CPAs, and ask for a free sample lesson for the Accountant, Auditor, CPA. I will also send you a free sample lesson for the Accountant, Auditor, CPA. I will also send you a free sample lesson for the Accountant, Auditor, CPA.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ACCOUNTANTS, AUDITORS AND CPAs

200 N. Broadway St., Suite 100, New York, N.Y. 10013

Please send me the free sample lesson for the Accountant, Auditor, CPA. I will also send you a free sample lesson for the Accountant, Auditor, CPA. I will also send you a free sample lesson for the Accountant, Auditor, CPA.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Country _____

Phone _____

Zip _____

ONE OTHER WAS ALREADY in the deep pool waiting to massage me, and as the approach of me I seemed to detect the look of terror behind her smiling mask. There was no doubt about it. This girl was scared. An almost lost my sleep, as my heart. My knees jerked up.

The girl scowled me with a soft sponge while the other grunts moved around the pool, laughing and giggling and clapping their hands at the old grunts way.

The water was hot and made my nose droop. To avoid from the side was worse and falling, I had difficulty keeping my nose at top level, remaining in good for anything that might happen. I noticed vaguely that the water was getting hotter and hotter, and that the scented steam was rising more thickly. The water began to bubble at the top. I shot a glance over to the spot which was beneath the surface at the stick like wall of the pool and saw the steam rising and realized that only boiling water was being added. My breath was already coming from the heat, to avoid trouble, and a shiver came to me that the grunts at the water wall, too was as fever

because she knew—the knew that she would be boiled alive with me.

I had to get out of that, a voice screamed inside me. Out, out before it's too late.

I TOOK AWAY from the grunts I who was squeezing my chest and trying to hold me by wrapping her arms around me and as if at the same moment I needed through the hot water and the steam, reached the side so that I could also crawl out of the deadly bath.

My hands grabbed for the slippery sides. A foot stepped on them and I lost my head and slipped back into the water. I looked up. It was the man who had not come out and he was now standing over me, still making his mysterious Oriental smile and every time I tried to reach for the side his heavy muscles crushed my hands. They had spikes in their sides and my hands were bleeding. The water around my arms was turning pink. And from behind me, the grunts kept pushing, but she was weakening and I had no trouble shaking her off.

Just then, a man's voice spoke to me through the steam.

"Mr. Bancroft," the voice said. "We know all about you, but we do not know what is in your head. You will tell us the defense plans for Cavigliador, or else you will be cooked."

"What's going on?" I yelled, still splashing upstream, as I looked up and saw a fat, round man, dressed in a Jewish kumetz standing in the steam behind the grunts.

"You better talk quickly," the man said. There was no doubt that this was Moshe, Tolmizov also General Yagoda. The general had been right in his suspicion. But when the fat man said I do about it I was tripped. I didn't have a guess. I was being pushed down like the proverbial corn-cob in hell. "You better talk quickly," General Yagoda said. "for soon you will lose consciousness and you will be no good for anything."

"And if I do talk?" I yelled. "Then my little love gets will tell you and make you believe with comfort until we take you to Japan."
"Thank."
"Yes Mr. Bancroft, I am afraid you will have to be prisoner until we have defeated your country."

--- Exciting New Way To Earn \$6.44 An Hour ---

INVESTIGATE ACCIDENTS

446,000 auto collisions, fires, storms each day create a great opportunity for men 18 to 40

How do they find them? Accident Investigators Sell Trade secrets to your own home to spare time, adding hundreds or even thousands more working opportunity. Joe Miller earned \$14,750 in one year. A. J. Allen earned over \$10,000 in his month. Mr. Brown, Kansas says: "I'm now earning \$400 a month from investigating accidents in my spare time." Thousands more are waiting!

BE YOUR OWN BOSS — ENJOY EXTRA BENEFITS

Start now there is no single shortage of men who know how to investigate accidents. Our private and approved trade job makes it easy for you to step into the huge expanding field.



CAR FURNISHED — EXPENSES PAID

You can be your own boss independent accident investigators average \$14 an hour. Let us show you how to start your own profitable business. Trade paid long — with your home as headquarters. Later we'll tell you. Or if you prefer to be a Company's Chief Investigator — our Filmstrips Bureau will send you. Working time will open to get started in 10 days. We pay your own salary, a car for personal use and all accident expenses paid.

EASY TO START — NO SPECIAL EDUCATION OR PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE NEEDED

We have the simplest Investigation Business from A to Z. We can get you started in 10 days. You have the working time to spare to get a market of work. You can pay \$100 for the first copy with your very first check. Send today for FREE Sample. No salesman will call. They are not permitted to sell you. Just send the money or send a guarantee to us, to Mr. Miller, Universal Schools, Dept. 1000, Dallas 5, Texas.

Mail Now for FREE BOOK

Mr. O. Wilson, Dept. 1000 Universal Schools 4800 Wilshire, Dallas 5, Texas I am interested in your 1000 Sample and will send you the \$100.00 guarantee or will be refunded if not sent.	
Name	
Address	
City	State

The gypsy was doing something unspeakably horrible to him.

madmen, funny movements, who without good reason, when asked pressing on the ground. Gypsies usually were men whose derelict systems had been destroyed by alcohol, but this one was too young for that. Maybe his whole life! Well, that was interesting, for a change, and the first show came was not concerned when the gypsy had observed the accident. If he had known that but a few hours earlier, the gypsy had been a looking a slightly drunk young man by the name of Jacques Dierney, he could not have acted less.

THE MISFORTUNES OF Jacques Dierney seemed little concerned in Spain. Young men often disappeared when they are pined by their families. Perhaps, his friends thought, he had gone off to fight in Africa. Within a week, Jacques was forgotten by everything except his parents.

The carnival had gone on in Italy where the new gypsy was a big success. Nobody who watched him could know that Jacques was completely conscious of what he was doing but that he could not help it. The gypsies also remembered what had happened that night in the gypsy wagon, and when he thought of it, gypsies were called from his eyes and to be observed, and the people who watched him thought he was very funny and they laughed.

What had happened was that, after showing about two and a half of this, strange gypsy was, he had fallen asleep beside that lovely gypsy girl watching early against the wishes of her parents, and then he had half-wakened.

The gypsy girl looked at him knowingly. "Come in," she said. "You are welcome."

and, alone in the bed, in that alarming state of suspension between reality and dream.

He had thought his eyes were open, but he was not sure. He tried to move, but could not budge his heavy limbs. The gypsy, still awake but not so pretty now, was looking over him, an expression of intense concentration, as if he knew, in that right hand, the kind of long, vicious needle.

She raised him over on his stomach. He tried to resist, but could not. And then he felt painful pressure in his spine, sharp pain remembered that a careful probing of his fingers for the proper places. Jacques did not know enough, either about medical science or about old Hunch-Gypsy lore, to understand that the gypsy was methodically disrupting his central nervous system by breaking nerve contacts in systematic control centers. Following old tribal knowledge passed on from generation to generation, she was releasing him from man to beast, reducing him forever and irreversibly susceptible of control. His system beyond the bare minimum of stimulus survived. Furthermore, she was leaving him in such a way he had learned when and that he would forever make those gypsy movements that took show women away from many a gypsy. Jacques did not know any of this, he only knew that the gypsy was doing something unspeakably terrible to him.

When she was finished, she squeezed off his blood, draped him in rags and propped him helpless, into the chair. He watched her as, with dark apprehension of mischief,

and wonder, she changed from a young woman into an ugly old hag.

"You don't think it was worth it," she smiled, as she led him from the wagon. "Well, now has to pay for everything in his own way in another, and you must yourself you didn't know any more."

Jacques smiled, rolled his eyes, nodded, and brushed his head against the wagon.

And the gypsy smiled.

JACQUES DIERNEY, once disappointed from Spain on Sept. 30, 1934, was not the gypsy's first victim. Born near 1844, young man had been disappearing from small towns all over Europe—in France, Germany, Belgium, Spain, Italy and Austria—and their disappearances were duly recorded in local police files and forgotten. The black shows of Europe's gypsy traveling companies, meanwhile, were well supplied with goods of all manners. There was a steady demand too, for gypsies do not live very long; hence, few years in the most.

But the fact that gypsies were on the increase—especially that so many of them were young men, previously named white—added to the attention of Serge Moreau, a handsome, hard-boiled young of law in the Italian Carabinieri (Police Agency's) criminal division who kept his eyes on other white because they also crossed in international borders.

He became interested in the phenomenon, and when he could not convince any of his superiors that the subject was of importance, he pursued it in his spare time. Over the years he dug up all the facts he could on gypsies, for applying a little pressure, he learned from local show people that many of the gypsies had been purchased from parents, and he began to study gypsy movements and to chart their upward path into real disappearance. He came up with some 17 necessary conditions: there was always a lone gypsy woman, there was always a traveling carnival nearby, there was always a new, white-haired girl.

Serge Moreau narrowed his search, keeping careful notes in his diary all the while, and on June 10, 1934, after obtaining a few days leave from his office in Genoa, he returned to the west, packed his bag and wrote "I am going to Paris in Italy where gypsies from all over the world are now holding a big prize meeting."



As it happens, Massimo's Traveling Circus is in Paris at this moment for a world engagement. If my newspapers are correct, the results of my trip should be extraordinary and useful.¹⁰

It turned out that they were far more interesting than George Moscone had expected.

IT WAS LATE AT NIGHT, and there I was struggling, rescued the man above the rippling steel plates that surround them. There were dozens of these old tank-cases, heavily decorated weapons in the field and more geyers and much more normal lives than most people would expect, most of them had retired for the night and the field lay silent under the stars. The only sounds were those that came across from the twinkling stars nearby, and as I began to sleep, I was aware of the sound, feeling to be know not what he suddenly heard a heavy, heavy voice singing a sad and gay song. He was informed and stopped when he was on the way where the sound came. A weak light came through the night's open shutters and he could not resist climbing on a rafter from which that had been left conveniently nearby and peering on the night's window. The man collapsed under his weight, he crashed to the ground.

As he started humming all the windows opened, and a beautiful melody gaily hummed out and wafted at him. She wore a robe of almost transparent silk which she had not bothered to close together over her breasts.

"I'm not," she said, smiling. "Aren't you a little ashamed of yourself? To be gorging like a little hog? Why don't you knock on the door like a man?"

"You can't handle this," George said, following me to the door.

"Do you want me to sing for you?" the lovely gypsy asked him and didn't wait for the answer which was written on her face. "Come on," she said. "The door is open."

She sang softly in tones as he returned, standing before him and rounded and beautiful and as he stopped alone, stopped by the passing light in her dark, open eyes, and she dropped the note from her shoulders and hung there in his arms. He felt with the detective work he thought, these long days that tomorrow, but a woman like that doesn't come your way every day. And he devoted himself to the subject as hard, a subject as which the board

These groups were an early, voluntary response.

THE NEXT DAY, THE fresh look of Monseñor Francisco Gómez had a new jolt when a big success because he kept on being his own man and showing it by his own shoulders with a vigorous hugger, a most peculiar man who greeted with pleasure when he spotted the new blood that five days after that, Jorge Monseñor appeared in Gómez decided the fight was definitely coming and then something must have happened to him. They want to be sponsored to obtain the stars, and payed too cheap.

There was no doubt in the minds of the officers that the system was responsible for his disappearance. [and] witnesses also told that a man of his description had been just seen among the grey wagons, and word went out to police everywhere! Crash down on the system. Arrest them. Make them talk. Put on the pressure.

The steel cups were quick and simple to respond. Gypnos were pulled for their, procedures and various—accidents—upright of an without cause. Several gypnos were killed “while trying to escape.” Their life altogether was being made miserable that some of the gypnos would talk. There would about that they knew any thing about. Some Mercator in anybody else’s disappearance. They stuck together in a shared corporation but that didn’t mean they didn’t know what had happened.

A two-day, three-night meeting was held by a council of tribal elders weighing various trade agreements and a few later there was a strong knock on the door of the council where great powers Manjira Rajan had come. An uncle, when she was not otherwise occupied, Manjira was greatly enjoying her therapy. She was right, Manjira.

Finally, she thrust the bill under the mattress and opened the door.

Power and the political process

"Effect: do you want?" she said
"Leave me alone I am tired and
want to go to sleep."

The man and woman. Their bodies give a signal. The man stepped forward. The girl, beginning to smile, said, "Don't tell me: I literally want, already, back."

"What do you want?" she said
 over and over, but never really knew

Stage Indices

[illegible][illegible]

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Figure 1

Study Size ☒ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large
☒ 1-1000 ☐ 1000-10000 ☐ 10000-100000
☐ 100000-1000000 ☐ 1000000-10000000

1990	1991	1992	1993	1994	1995	1996	1997	1998	1999	2000	2001	2002	2003	2004	2005	2006	2007	2008	2009	2010	2011	2012	2013	2014	2015	2016	2017	2018	2019	2020	2021	2022	2023	2024	2025	2026	2027	2028	2029	2030	2031	2032	2033	2034	2035	2036	2037	2038	2039	2040	2041	2042	2043	2044	2045	2046	2047	2048	2049	2050	2051	2052	2053	2054	2055	2056	2057	2058	2059	2060	2061	2062	2063	2064	2065	2066	2067	2068	2069	2070	2071	2072	2073	2074	2075	2076	2077	2078	2079	2080	2081	2082	2083	2084	2085	2086	2087	2088	2089	2090	2091	2092	2093	2094	2095	2096	2097	2098	2099	2100	2101	2102	2103	2104	2105	2106	2107	2108	2109	2110	2111	2112	2113	2114	2115	2116	2117	2118	2119	2120	2121	2122	2123	2124	2125	2126	2127	2128	2129	2130	2131	2132	2133	2134	2135	2136	2137	2138	2139	2140	2141	2142	2143	2144	2145	2146	2147	2148	2149	2150	2151	2152	2153	2154	2155	2156	2157	2158	2159	2160	2161	2162	2163	2164	2165	2166	2167	2168	2169	2170	2171	2172	2173	2174	2175	2176	2177	2178	2179	2180	2181	2182	2183	2184	2185	2186	2187	2188	2189	2190	2191	2192	2193	2194	2195	2196	2197	2198	2199	2200	2201	2202	2203	2204	2205	2206	2207	2208	2209	2210	2211	2212	2213	2214	2215	2216	2217	2218	2219	2220	2221	2222	2223	2224	2225	2226	2227	2228	2229	2230	2231	2232	2233	2234	2235	2236	2237	2238	2239	2240	2241	2242	2243	2244	2245	2246	2247	2248	2249	2250	2251	2252	2253	2254	2255	2256	2257	2258	2259	2260	2261	2262	2263	2264	2265	2266	2267	2268	2269	2270	2271	2272	2273	2274	2275	2276	2277	2278	2279	2280	2281	2282	2283	2284	2285	2286	2287	2288	2289	2290	2291	2292	2293	2294	2295	2296	2297	2298	2299	2300	2301	2302	2303	2304	2305	2306	2307	2308	2309	2310	2311	2312	2313	2314	2315	2316	2317	2318	2319	2320	2321	2322	2323	2324	2325	2326	2327	2328	2329	2330	2331	2332	2333	2334	2335	2336	2337	2338	2339	2340	2341	2342	2343	2344	2345	2346	2347	2348	2349	2350	2351	2352	2353	2354	2355	2356	2357	2358	2359	2360	2361	2362	2363	2364	2365	2366	2367	2368	2369	2370	2371	2372	2373	2374	2375	2376	2377	2378	2379	2380	2381	2382	2383	2384	2385	2386	2387	2388	2389	2390	2391	2392	2393	2394	2395	2396	2397	2398</
------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	--------

ROOMS for ADULTS

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

ASTHMA

© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd, *Journal of Internal Medicine* 255: 115–122

STAG PARTY
ORIGINALS

HARDWARE: computerized chips at each house give history 02-94 model 11 The new 1000 system will

100000	100000	100000
100000	100000	100000
100000	100000	100000
100000	100000	100000

100

WILLIAM G. HOUTFORD
 1940-1992, age 52, died on 10-18-92

usually.

Two men stepped around her and held her arms.

"You know what we want?" the leader, an old man, said. "We suppose don't mind a little smoking. We cannot make a living the way most people do. We are not permitted to. But we are simple people. We want no more than we must to survive. But you, because of your good looks have become valuable for much money, and even death, among our people."

"I want to do it again," she answered. "I promise."

The old man shook his head. "No," he said. "We have decided you must be punished. We suppose do not believe in killing, but you are not fit to live as a human being."

"What are you going to do to me?" she asked, sobbing.

"You do not need to ask," the old man said. "You know."

One of the men ripped off her clothes as the others held her.

"Look at my body all of you," she cried. "It is mine. It is sold. Use it as it should be used this place."

The men now and touched her, but they paid no attention to the temptations she offered and they touched her as men touch an animal, disgusting those they feared the girl on her feet lay down, and the old man who was her father, had turned as his eyes as he lay over her, a long, white, tremble in his hand.

THE NEXT DAY, up at the little town of Boone, Minnesota. Traveling shows brought another pack. An old, well-known group delivered the creature. Naturally, a fresh audience had to be put on since there was no pack of a kind that they had not seen. It was a girl with a fairly figure and female grace, especially away from the silent gallery of The book show was put on some high price, which, when added to the money. Besides her mother her mother was enough to help out the family who had lost their livelihood part in the recent police crackdown.

The female pack showed painfully what she was thrown into a cage together with the other girls. When he saw her he became terribly excited and started staring at her arms, legs, deep and drawing much blood. Then they made to the overhead on the floor of the cage and stood stably at each other, shivering and moving.

THE ADMIRABLE SNOW-WOMAN OF MT. RADHINATH

Continued from page 12

And I was at the top of the rope, with Lisa and then Grace and Beverfield beneath me. Only if I could maintain my balance could I prevent the doctor's heavy weight from dragging me down with him. I pushed my feet against the sides of the hole which James had cut into the rock and leaned myself. I never felt as helpless as my life, "Try to swing back, don't, or we'll all fall!" I cried to him. But his body swung like a pendulum in the water of space. And far below was sudden death—death such as James had met with earlier. "Go something!" Lisa cried. She was becoming hysterical, watching poor Beverfield teetering helplessly like a weathercock on a stormy pinnacle in a sharp wind. Suddenly Grace moved in to action. With his free hand, he pulled out the sharp Nepalese knife he always carried on him and before either Lisa or I could cry out for him to stop, he climbed the rope which bound Beverfield to the side of us. The doctor's cry, when he saw what Grace was doing, was just a faint sound. Then, with a suddenness that as he saw the rope part, he plummeted down, stumbling from one getting rock to another as he fell. Within moments, we saw him hang with a stomach-aching thud in the snow a hundred feet below. From where we were clinging, we could see the gray marker come out of the shaft and form a pool of pressure blood in the white snow. Lisa screamed and she seemed to shudder by the sight that I feared she would lose her footing, too, and carry us all to our death. I had to do something. She was close enough to reach me for me to take my free foot and step down, hand on her shoulder with the hand of my foot. The sharp pain brought her to her senses. "Oh, Emily," she cried. "Doc is dead! But we were still alive."

WHEN WE FINALLY REACHED the ledge at the top of the cliff, I noticed to those Grace and I. Luckily, he had done the



only thing possible when he got downed below. My duty, in, he saved our lives and yet somehow it didn't seem right to me. And then when I looked closely into his face, I saw a haunting smile which made me want to tell him so the spot. He did not return my angry look, but began staring with wide, staring eyes at Lisa. It would have to prove what was running through his mind.

"You see?" I cried, and I would have broken his neck then and there had not Lisa suddenly shouted, "Way off! Look over here! Those fingerprints in the snow!"

Over to the right of the white ledge I saw the strange fingerprints to which she was pointing. Clearly visible was the impress of five long toes and the feet which had made them could not have been any larger to me than Lisa's, so tiny and small was the mark.

Following the prints with my eyes, I saw that they were formed the other end of the ledge, some ten yards away, and that they were marked in their direction by another set of prints made by the heavy spiked foot of a climber. "Those must be James's prints!" I cried. "Look how the two sets of prints come together near the edge—and yet only James fell over. When could have made those other fingerprints? They look like the prints of a woman going headfirst," I said.

But I was sure they were made by some kind of animal. It had to be a human foot would leave as a mark in the snow.

But then my thoughts were brought to an abrupt halt by suddenly, Grace cried out. "It is the mark of the girl and girl! We are lost! But the white woman will be more before I die!" With this sight Grace drew his hands apart and began to advance toward me. Even in his terror he knew he would have to get out of my before he could come near Lisa. But his white marks had caught my attention. I had nothing to do but stare again with my eyes wide.

and I had were in my back standing over the ledge where I had put it down before I backed against the wall of cabin behind me and reached myself in to take his shirt, hoping that I could push him backwards over the precipice if he started in. But there was no shove, a head fighter for that. He didn't push me. He grabbed me but I jerked. The next fringe of his blade covered the window of my right ear and I wincd in pain. Lase screamed when she saw the blood gush down my neck.

"I cut you to pieces—down," Gracie bellowed vociferously and he moved as he slunked at me again, but I managed to keep out of range. "Down—down!" Lase roared and suddenly the sharp spike of my pistol was turned into my hands. The fight was now evened.

Dodging his next range I lunged into him with the point of the spike. It caught him full in the ribs, crushing them in like chicken bones. He twisted in pain and fell to his knees, but I went through with him yet. Using the sharp edge of the point I slit open his right chest, tearing away the skin. I watched with pleasure as the blood dripped down his now-naked joints. There was nothing he could do to fight back now, the point had paralyzied him and I meant to make it even worse for him.

"I'm going to kill you!" I cried. I placed the point of the pistol on the top of his skull and saw as it was about to pierce it fall into his lungs, he roared out—"The evil that is in all the evil ones does!" Yoww yoww has strength. Somehow he jerked himself at the ground and ran. I started to follow but before I could move, I saw him try on the ledge. He did not even scream as he fell over the edge.

I heard the thud of his body as it crashed with the ground far below. Yet I did not even feel a ripple of pity in the excitement of the fight I had forgotten about my stained tunic. But now that it was over I felt it burning as though someone had poured molten lava on it. Lase rushed over to me and began screaming to the bloody sky. She was shuddering and despite the pain, the soft mouth of her fingers indicated me of something else. I started. I clutched her to me and this time, she didn't resist. I caught the upper of her jaw and ran my hands inside

INVEST NOW!
PROSPERITY AWAITS YOU!

2½ ACRES

TWIN RIVER RANCHOS
in NEVADA



\$10.00 DOWN

\$10.00 MONTHLY

FREE PRIZE \$495



FREE PRIZE \$495

...and a chance to win a \$495 prize.

FREE PRIZE \$495

...and a chance to win a \$495 prize.

NOW! DON'T MISS THIS OUTSTANDING OPPORTUNITY!



FREE PRIZE \$495

...and a chance to win a \$495 prize.

MAKE ANY WINDOW ONE WAY GLASS

...and a chance to win a \$495 prize.

LIVE OR VACATION IN MEXICO \$50 PER MONTH

...and a chance to win a \$495 prize.

REACH!

For Greater Protection!

A GENUINE GUNSAFE SPECIAL

...and a chance to win a \$495 prize.



\$19.95

OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOU
 The only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**



HELL IN A BLUE SKINI

continued from page 25

momentum required in the last step of the Florida run. When she walked, her orange hips were on level with and her pointed bottom thrust was steady like the blue cloth of her jeans top.

It didn't bother me that she was not alone.

The guy she was with was a big one of a man. I recognized his face as that of a college football player—a tackle on one of the larger university teams. He didn't take a pause to tell her she was loaded as hell with the milk.

She sat down a few feet away from me. We talked at first, with her getting disappointed with our eyes while her secret showed.

I moved over toward the two of them and held out a pack of cigarettes. The girl took one while the other shook his head matterly. We started talking—Dan, Benner and I began talking that in the guy was out of it, he didn't know it, yet, but he'd already lost

I could see we two were getting tired and working harder up to do something about it. The girl could see it too, but she didn't care. Then was the sort of blood who had to have two guys fight over her.

I decided to keep things to a head. I wanted this done and I wanted her in a hurry. I figured I'd wanted enough men getting together on small talk.

I suggested that we have dinner together that night and the girl agreed.

"Big, was a guess," she big man said. "I thought we had a date, tonight."

The girl shrugged and turned her back to him. I have never seen the breath-off delivered more eloquently in my life.

The big man began turned through him. He called me a name, then another.

I got to my feet and he came after me. He was bigger and stronger than I but I had one great advantage. I'd known we were going to meet at the same time whereas the woman had just showed in his back shell. I'd

already decided how I was going to fight him, while between simply relying on his size and his strength.

The light was dim and warm. He led with a soundless right that would have ripped my head from my shoulders had it landed. I dodged and countered with a pale snap between her short ribs. He grunted and stopped back, but it would have taken more than that man to stop him. The muscles of his body stood out like iron bands as he came at the door more, his arms up to catch me in a bear hug.

I let him practically crush me before I brought my knee up hard getting him at a spot where his muscles did not protect him. His knee turned green and marbled with pain as he started over to clutch at his groin. I brought my leg up as a punch to his Adam's apple and he collapsed to the ground.

I looked down at him, laughing like hell. He looked like a damn clown, bending and writhing on the road. Big man! I could have pulled off his pants in front of his eager friend and there wouldn't have been a thing he could have done about it.

Dan's eyes were shining. The big man's agony seemed far. She made my arms, her body pressed itself against mine, our lips almost together.

She stopped every, but didn't leave. "I like a man who can take care of himself," she said.

There was no need for any other conversation. Back of us knew what the other was thinking. That suggested that we go to her place and I followed her off the beach.

Dan lived in a little cottage about a half mile away. We stopped outside the door and stared hungrily at each other. She held her arms up to me and I went so hot. My lips closed both on her mouth—her arms tightened around me and our bodies locked together.

LATER, DAN ASKED me what I was doing at home. I told her

STREET PHOTO SLIDES
 ...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

POEMS WANTED

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

...the only place to find a job or a career opportunity in the field of **SEX and YOU**

The town we swallowed gave us a happy feeling.

about the four of us decided to go south for the spring vacation, and somewhere, better. I was certain of it, the arrival of all of us to have a party the following night. She could get hold of some special delicacies and we could all get eggs. "It's a better drink than liquor," she said.

I crossed. I was big. I'd been at some parties before. They should get on at these parties people get out of themselves and become the best of. They felt more living and every man became a Day Joke.

"Why are tonight?" I suggested. "Tonight we make it alone."

I didn't get back to the hotel room that the four of us shared until the following morning. The boys called me where I'd been. I'd found a girl. I told them a really wretched girl. The one I'd come down here to find.

They asked when they could meet her and I said that night. "Get your father and we'll have a beach party," I said. "They know a deserted portion of beach where no one will bother us. Get your girl and we'll have the wildest party you ever saw."

The boys wanted to go for it. I asked them if their girls were changed. They all looked a little nervous but then they said they were. Even if they weren't, though, I knew they'd never admit that to me. No girl will admit her friend is better than the next man.

I ground to myself. I'd really had the girls trained.

Two weeks we met on the beach. Dad and I and the rest of them. Dave and Freddie had brought along their surfboards and Mike was carrying a bottle of blended whiskey. "Just to help the night along," he said.

I walked in. Dad. I knew that the little packet of cigarettes she had in her beach bag were all say of the advertised brand. I said, "Paw" to Mike and told him that when we ran out at that, Dad and I would come up with something even better.

I looked over the three girls. They were good enough. Mike's girl, Betty Tinsdale, was wearing a dark red swim suit, while the other two had no swimmers outside. They all seemed a little taken aback with Dad's bluster and the ferocity of her looks.

We let the new liquor slide down our gullets until we got a

happy feeling. We went in for a swim at the ocean and came back and drank some more.

Breakfast. Betty and I were left alone for a few minutes. We each took a tin of liquor and I put my own around her waist and drove her to the. She didn't seem to mind.

As my experiment I said that she liked the idea.

Mike took a finishing step towards the but I pulled away and moved my right hand to a picture of peace and to stopped. Dad had something short and nasty to the girl who glared back at her.

I was feeling good about it. But my own stomach, all right, but a didn't last to keep her off balance a little.

We had another drink and the house was quiet. That was where Dad watched for the rest. He is one and started passing it around. I refused, though. The nervousness seemed to start inside my headstones and up inside my bones. It made me feel the difference with strength and power—no though I could do anything in the world. I ever thought of doing and nothing would or could happen to me.

I passed it on to Dave. He chuckled and forced himself to smoke it, so did Mike and Fred. They weren't going to wear check as in front of the.

That it was the girl's turn, and Betty had it first. She looked at the cooler for a long time before placing it in her lips. Then she slowly spat out, coughed and stopped before giving a little cry and clanking the cigarette out viciously in the sand.

All at once she had her black eyes. She stood up, her chest heaving and her eyes blazing as though she'd just reached what she'd gotten herself into. She looked at Dad and me with disgust and said so off. We were mistaken, she said, and decided enough who were trying to ruin the face of us decent people.

I shrugged at her. To me she was just a little broad who had started out for a little morning house and party and suddenly discovered that the world had more in it than she thought.

She was going home she said, and if the other girls didn't come with her she would report what we were doing to the police.

That did it. My door was going to drive a tight Mike and

get away with it.

I started to my feet, but Dad was quicker still. "You're not telling anybody anything," she said in a dangerous voice.

"Oh, no?" Betty started to leave, but Dad caught her by the hair and threw her to the ground.

Mike and the others started in to throw up again but I told them back. Let the chicken fight for a while maybe wild cat to see a show.

The world was suddenly funny again. I was roaring with laughter and encouraged Dad giving her more and more explicit advice.

But the two girls were going at it in dead earnest. They were rolling on the beach clashing and gasping at each other, trying to get into a each other's eyes. Dad got a taste in Betty's stomach. Betty managed to push down the top of Dad's pants and went after her where she was exposed.

Dad pointed to me and rolled away the girl to her feet. Betty came after her, but Dad met her with a knee in the groin. Betty doubled up helplessly and made to the ground.

But Dad was still furious. He leaned over the other girl and slapped the red burning out and pushed it off her.

Betty was completely beaten. She lay huddled up, trying to hide herself and begging Dad to give her back the suit.

After a while I signed and went around and I made her do it. Betty pulled the suit back on and Dad rearranged her hair.

But Dad still wasn't satisfied. "I don't think that damn has learned her lesson yet," she said.

I started back at Betty. She was sitting on the sand holding on to her suit and it seemed she was afraid that it would be snatched from her again. I tried to calm it but Dad did have a point. I wouldn't get it just the boy to call copper even now.

Dad suggested that perhaps we should show her what would happen if she ever did speak. We could tie her to one of the surf boards and take her out to the ocean.

Betty started crying and looking miserably at Mike.

"Leave her alone," he said. "You're done what you wanted to now leave her alone."

I just laughed at him. He was not telling me what to do and he knew it.

ISLAND NEWS **WILLIAMSBURG** **NEWSPAPER**

COVERALLS!

\$1.00

...and more...



FREE Catalog

of REVEALING

Feminine FASHIONS

...and more...



WANTED - SPARE TIME

...and more...



YOU

...and more...



42 SETS OF 12 PHOTOS

\$1.00

...and more...



Mike raised his fist threateningly and came in at me. I took all my weight on the wall and with my shoulder and pushed his wrist. As he went stumbling over my shoulder, I held on to the arm I had used. I heard the snap of broken bone.

Mike lay wheezing on the metal floor, his broken arm. I crawled to him, my head pressed against the wall.

They got up suddenly and started to run away. I went after her and brought her down with a kick to the rear.

Dave and Fred started to protest. I asked them if they wanted what Mike got and they became very quiet all of a sudden. These girls grabbed hold of their arms though they all wanted to look together for safety.

I pushed Betty up and held her to the wall. I told her that I wouldn't really hurt her, now I just wanted to make sure that she'd never talk about tonight.

She screamed and tried to get away, but I handcuffed her across the legs and her struggles ceased.

That was enough for me. She told me to take the girls out deep, where the high breakers were. I laughed and promised that I would.

I carried the girl down to the edge of the water and shoved it in. Betty was pleading for me to stop, but I didn't listen to her. I took her out into deep water and deeper water. A rubber band for me and I made the girl's head sink.

Betty was half drowned. She coughed and gagged and seawater. Her eyes were filled with pain.

One more time, I decided. Looking the power within me and realizing it. One more time and she'd have learned her lesson.

I took her out again. She could not protest any more, she had no more strength to cry or even yell. Only her eyes showed fear and hatred.

The next move was easy. I got I felt the surge of water under me. I felt it. It was breaking land against the in a wild burst of white, roaring foam. I backslipped all the way just as a monster pounded me in the stomach, knocking the breath from me. I was washed down to the sandy bottom, and lost my grip on the board.

I caught sight of a body of red bathing suit. I was pulled back out to me by the powerful undertow. It was Betty. I swam after her. But then, she was pulled down and I couldn't see her any more. I searched desperately trying to find her. But I couldn't.

With the force of a hand strike across the face I realized I had just killed a girl.

Ugly, mean, monstrous, nothing had seemed real. The liquor and the marijuana had combined to make everything that happened at a kind of dream. But the dream was over now.

I don't know how long I stayed out in the ocean, hoping against hope that I'd find the girl like when I finally got back to shore everyone was gone except Dave.

I stared at her. She seemed so calm and cool as ever.

We had to get away, I said. The cops would be looking for us and we had to go somewhere to hide.

She only laughed at me. Why did I include her in my plan? I was the one who had taken the girl out. And if they asked her she would certainly tell them that it was my idea. As far as she was concerned nothing had happened that was worth running away about.

All the frustration and terror I'd felt welled up as anger against her. I pulled back my fist and sent it crashing against her jaw. She dropped like a shot deer.

For a few moments I looked with the idea of killing her, too. She had gotten out into the ocean, supplied the rubber, urged me on to do what I'd done with Betty. And she was going to get away with it.

Then I realized I was really my own fault. I was the tough guy working my way through college. I had my future ahead of me. But I wanted looks.

Well I found them. Suddenly bright light beamed at my eyes. The others had gone to the cops, and now the whole damned police department seemed to be after me.

There was nothing I could do, but go with them. Quietly I hoped I could get away with a man, daughter plan and wondered a little how many years in jail that would be. One thing I was sure of: Nothing would ever be the same again.



100 ft. 8mm Movies \$2.00 EACH

& for only \$19.00

- ☐ 1 A Lot Of It "TWO OF THEM"
- ☐ 2 Jack Robbins "HOT THE BEACH"
- ☐ 3 Joe David "CANDIDLY"
- ☐ 4 Tony "HOTTER THAN"
- ☐ 5 Jimmy Lee "HOT LIPS"
- ☐ 6 The Girl & Her Boy "WIDE"
- ☐ 7 Bob "HOTTER THAN"
- ☐ 8 Bob "HOTTER THAN"
- ☐ 9 Bob "HOTTER THAN"
- ☐ 10 Bob "HOTTER THAN"
- ☐ 11 Bob "HOTTER THAN"
- ☐ 12 Bob "HOTTER THAN"
- ☐ 13 Bob "HOTTER THAN"
- ☐ 14 Bob "HOTTER THAN"
- ☐ 15 Bob "HOTTER THAN"
- ☐ 16 Bob "HOTTER THAN"
- ☐ 17 Bob "HOTTER THAN"
- ☐ 18 Bob "HOTTER THAN"
- ☐ 19 Bob "HOTTER THAN"
- ☐ 20 Bob "HOTTER THAN"

200 ft. 8mm Movies \$4.00 EACH

- ☐ 21 The Girl & Her Boy "WIDE"
- ☐ 22 "HOTTER THAN"

GIRLS WRESTLING 300 FOOT

Has 310 \$4.00
Has 311 \$4.00

50 FT. MOVIES

ONLY \$1.00 EACH

6 FOR ONLY \$5.00 POSTPAID

Why pay \$2.00 or more for 50-ft. ADULT movies when you can get the best for only \$1.00?

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1 Gene Long "HOT & HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 46 Betty Grant "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 2 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 47 Betty Grant "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3 Artie Baker "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 48 Eugene Nichols "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 4 Gene Long "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 49 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 5 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 50 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 6 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 51 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 7 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 52 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 8 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 53 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 9 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 54 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 10 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 55 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 11 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 56 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 12 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 57 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 13 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 58 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 14 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 59 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 15 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 60 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 16 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 61 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 17 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 62 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 18 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 63 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 19 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 64 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 20 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 65 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 21 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 66 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 22 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 67 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 23 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 68 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 24 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 69 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 25 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 70 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 26 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 71 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 27 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 72 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 28 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 73 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 29 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 74 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 30 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 75 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 31 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 76 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 32 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 77 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 33 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 78 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 34 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 79 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 35 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 80 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 36 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 81 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 37 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 82 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 38 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 83 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 39 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 84 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 40 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 85 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 41 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 86 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 42 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 87 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 43 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 88 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 44 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 89 Gene Long "HOT" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 45 Eugene Nichols "HOT" | <input type="checkbox"/> 90 Gene Long "HOT" |

RUSH COUPON TODAY

8MM MOVIE CLUB Box 355
100 COLUMBIA AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 100

☐ Enclosed ☐ Bill ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

I order the following film by number:

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

Bikinis!



The New Wave in Comedy
and Music
Coleman Young fronts
this band.



Oxygene
Software

MOVIES

NEW
STARS
STARS

SEW LEATHER

TABLE 1



For more information, contact the American Society of Human Genetics, 11 Dupont Circle, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036, (202) 638-1000.


FREE!

© 2000 Blackwell Science Ltd
Journal of Internal Medicine 247: 101–107


DETECTIVE PROFESSION
INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF DETECTIVES

For more information, contact the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, 1801 Alexander Bell Drive, Fairfield, CT 06424-1196. Tel: 203/348-7100. Fax: 203/348-7101. E-mail: info@asme.org. Web: www.asme.org.



INTERNATIONAL MOBILE OFFICE
Nov.-1984- Sept. 1987 in Singapore & Japan.

friendship, but before her death, they despised her. She feared life expectancy, telling them what to do, with whom and when, ruling in her profit from the top, and taking out the dough at the end of the week in a begrudging way as if she had earned it and they were entitled only to a small share.

As they took their responses to him and to me, they proved persuasive, fully aware that as they added me to our strength, I had less to offer Akele. They moved into my room at all hours of the day and night when Akele was not shopping, or having his usual nap in the policeman's clubhouse. They were like robbers, sometimes swimming down at two p.m. to take advantage of a lull. They dreamed me, pushed away at me until I was half-dead. And yet I couldn't hate these because of my own Rattling for Akele but having robbed me and subjecting me to her own personal white attack.

I realized only too clearly I would lose me. The thought shocked me at first, but the more I thought, having a father on my mind, and I determined, at last to do it. I had to do — had to do! Sometimes, some way, I made up my mind I had to tell her to call my soul and body mine again. Nine nights of sleep, sleepless nights, had passed. How long would I remain under her terrible pressure and the constant demands of the girl? There had to be a way to destroy that unbearable demand! After a restless week, I learned there isn't a weapon in the house, but maybe one of the customers was armed. I knew of a good one, said she carried a gun for self-protection, and during the week some of the headquarters boys dropped in for their rat and some change on the roll.

The night I devoted Aileen had to die I had it made. The screen-up little gas dealer, who looked like a suspected husband and Harvard fellow of a brand of kids, made his usual weekly war. Luckily, he used the room next to mine. Through the wall I listened to him and like card I had to turn away in embarrassment. He had come to spend the night as I wanted until I heard their rhythmic breathing, snoring and there were both asleep below.

slipped into their room. I caught a glimpse of her mouth, held broad smiling as he fed her, round breasts I had to wondering estimated one of the three girls beauty, not with a handsome manhood but under that smile. I was grey. My heart melted with one thought, yet that part it was twisted inside a tight pocket inside her jacket. When he looked at me smiling, knew he wouldn't report because he'd have to explain where he'd lost it. It was a small 30 but I had a bullet as deadly as a laser soldier.

Then, 1987's *Major* was, Sunday-morning sport when a female bartender spots the girls' truck advertisement at the back of someone by going out. Adelle brought me my father on a trip "You're looking very tired," she said with great eye contact. "Maybe you need more fresh air. One of these days of yours apparently may be me. It'll take me out for a drive."

¹⁰“This system I’ll give away (with all the usual limitations)”

"That's all the time I've got," she cracks.

She walked to the door, unlocked it, turned in my goodbye. It was to be her last goodbye. I rang up the 22 inquired how many who her belly had miscarried with the slaps, through her sequenced dress, tearing out her womb something through her back bone. She turned back from the doorway distressed and avoided speaking, like a parrot! (Over the flight of stairs until she stood by a step against the wall at the bottom of the landing.

Was she dead then? And I was free, and I had to get my clothes, my clothes. I had to get out of this damned place! I ran down the hall to search for them, away from before us the first day, found two girls, attracted by the noise, ran out of their rooms and arrived at the sight of the blood.

THE COPIES FILED IN 10 minutes. "I hear they took photos, asked questions, laid the body out on a gurney in the meat wagon. When the detective got to me, I was still wearing a robe over my pajamas. They thought I was a star [sneezes]."

²The action was shot at the top of the movie by an unknown woman standing at the bottom.

DON'T BE BALD!

DR. JAMES W. CROFT, D.D.S.
DR. JAMES W. CROFT, D.D.S.
DR. JAMES W. CROFT, D.D.S.

PHOTO BARGAINS
1st
YOUR CHOICE

PHOTO BARGAINS
1st
YOUR CHOICE

DRESSES 24⁹⁵
 Dress 24⁹⁵ • Skirt & Blouse 24⁹⁵
 Evening 24⁹⁵ • Skirt and Blouse
 (Style for 1980's fashion)
TRANSWORLD, Dept. 104-4
 104 Elmwood Ave., New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801

INVENTORS 275882

NEW DIMENSIONAL PARTY RECORDS
NEW DIMENSIONAL PARTY RECORDS
NEW DIMENSIONAL PARTY RECORDS

NEW DIMENSIONAL PARTY RECORDS
NEW DIMENSIONAL PARTY RECORDS
NEW DIMENSIONAL PARTY RECORDS

TOUGH BEARD?
TOUGH BEARD?
TOUGH BEARD?

were devastated at the time of the shooting in my bedroom, with Mickey and me."

"Suppose I don't buy?" I challenged.

Late glared at me then switched to a softer smile. "In that case, we left the lights on there were the only ones in the house that you, baby-boy, were the only one who had a mother. Mary Mary and I needed the pen and but it that we moved the body up the stairs. We'll be involved in perjury and kidnapping but you'll wind up in the gas chamber."

We had reached the foyer, and the doorman was repeating sternly: "Open the door!" said Mickey.

"Why should I?"

"All of us girls got together and agreed just because Adele was dead was no reason to go out of business. We've got a good thing going for us here, and we don't intend to give it up. You're the new boss-man, now? You're taking Mickey Adele's place so we talk to the law?"

The doorman was impatient through my head. I moved to the door like I was hypnotized. All my hands made could make up was the horrible truth. The trapped hand on his head. I opened the door to face a couple of well-dressed drunks.

"Good evening gentlemen, I hotel myself saying with a slight bow at the wrist. "Well, you say are please? I'll have all the girls present themselves as you and have your choice. Come in — make yourselves comfortable — maybe you'll like something to drink?"

I've been repeating that words ever for almost two years. Sometimes, I think I can't see but I know what I said but then it begins to hurt when I remember that I can see but I can't touch. Some of the girls will have anything to do with me. It can drive a guy crazy wrong all that merchandise around, having the girls gaggle and the men guard with phantoms, and imagine all the pressure from my fellow boys locked down. It's like that saying, "Water, water, everywhere, but not a drop to drink." One of those days I remember the going to that wide open at the moment.

THE HEADCHOPPER OF EL MADRASH

(continued from page 41)

work. "Your mother here is El Madras!" We'll be trying to German. "Take you tell us or you, companion's head rolls on the floor. And if that doesn't make you talk, then I will play with you for a while some more before putting your head on the block and letting my friend here play his little game."

At that moment Bill Headrock and I stepped into the back room. I went for the head chopper. I caught him in his hand, feeling the cleaver down in a dark blow. I took the bones of the blow, feeling the cutting edge smooth over the man's skin. But of my father's my which I had wrong as his a terrible bet. The blow was de-fining just the side of Maria's neck. The cleaver almost cut through the skin. With my two hands full of my father's in the busy part of his neck right in the middle of the skin's apple. There was a moaning sound as the bone shattered and the Adele's eyes turned glassy.

I spun around. My English friend was staring. The three present had Alice in front of him, and was about to be a shield. He held a dagger in his free hand. "If you do not drop your weapons," the King said, "I will put a bullet through the girl's head."

AT THAT POINT, HOWEVER, TWO things happened. One my hand closed around the handle of the most cleaver. And two, Alice twisted back against her own will, held up the King's jaw. We could hear her own breath as she spun on the floor and then made her teeth in his body neck. The King was taken by surprise. He shouted and screamed as pain like a weapon, and crashed at Alice's jaw with his dagger.

It was the breath we had been waiting for. I dove for him, swinging the man's cleaver trying to behead him. I came up a little high and the blade of the cleaver struck and over the King's skin, taking the





"That's funny, I didn't even tell your boss yet."

Just before the dead almost arrived,

We headed the belated parade out of the roller room and across the yard to the track. My English friend stayed with those who I asked the maid that reported we lost the dog. There was still our money, 20 baht, and the dog was missing out.

There was no entry on duty at the side entrance of the hospital. The hallways were dark. I dodged several nurses by dodging into hall closets and then entered one of the wards that was crisscrossed with men in beds. I started the way used to measure.

One of the most useful and
simplest tools

General Drug: Omeprazole 20 mg

He untied his head and I moved to the side of his bed. He flicked my commands unobtrusively, and then untied weakly. "I've managed to control my ability to feel," he said. But they've learned to find out sooner or later.

"The answer is: no, you can't," he said.

"No I will intend to death on the way" he said "I have a nasty abdominal wound I would only slow you up" He pulled back the blankets and showed me the big lacerations over the middle and lower portions of his torso. I saw no signs that it would be impossible to move him.

"Just stay in a position," she ordered and "I will make sure the Germans don't get any closer than me, and I will do

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

I THOUGHT HIM THE greatest. That was his own decision to make. He placed the grenade against his chest over his heart, and then cranked one finger through the pin ring. "I will give you five minutes to get out," he said, "before I pull the pin and blow myself into oblivion."

I pulled out of the hospital made a drive the week, and got into the truck with Hammond and the girls. The motor coughed a few times and then turned over. We were all and moving at top speed down the road with a minute to spare. We got about a hundred yards outside the edge of town when we heard the ground explode and knew the ground had blown its tires out and washed in the ocean.

We rode out to the beach and ditched the truck. Then we waited and waited out the hour or so before dawn for the tide to come in and pick us up. Finally we saw it washing left and started to swim out. Harbuck and I supported Alana whose arms were behind and could barely move.

Halfway to the ship we were met by a rubber boat they had put out. We boarded the girls showed and held on to the ropes along the side while the boat was rowed back to the ship. And then we landed and went down the gangway. Some men the rub said it was the end for us as one of the men shouted behind the line. There—there that was never told me.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

**Now! GOLDEN AGE
LIFE INSURANCE**
-20- **50 to 80**

The first of these is the fact that the
 government has been unable to
 maintain a consistent policy
 towards the press. In the past,
 the government has been
 accused of censorship and
 of interfering with the
 freedom of the press.
 This has led to a
 loss of confidence in
 the government and
 has made it difficult
 for the government to
 carry out its duties.
 The second of these
 is the fact that the
 government has been
 unable to maintain a
 consistent policy
 towards the economy.
 In the past, the
 government has been
 accused of inflation
 and of interfering
 with the free market.
 This has led to a
 loss of confidence in
 the government and
 has made it difficult
 for the government to
 carry out its duties.
 The third of these
 is the fact that the
 government has been
 unable to maintain a
 consistent policy
 towards the environment.
 In the past, the
 government has been
 accused of pollution
 and of interfering
 with the environment.
 This has led to a
 loss of confidence in
 the government and
 has made it difficult
 for the government to
 carry out its duties.

Prepare NOW to Earn More in America's Fastest Growing Industry—
Good Jobs, Bright Futures Await Trained Electronics Technicians

Learn ELECTRONICS

AND HAND TRAINING THROUGHOUT
THE HIGH PAY, FUTURE

Thousands of men and women are now
starting their careers in the field of
electronics and are making money.
Send today for your free information.

There is a great demand for
electronics technicians in
the field of electronics.
The demand is so great that
many companies are having
trouble finding enough
qualified technicians to
fill the positions. This is
because the field of electronics
is growing so fast that
the supply of technicians
is not keeping up with the
demand. This is why
you should start now to
learn electronics. You
can learn electronics at
home, and you can learn
it at a very low cost. You
can learn it in a few
months, and you can learn
it in a way that is easy
to understand. You can
learn it in a way that is
fun, and you can learn it
in a way that is practical.
You can learn it in a way
that will help you to
earn money. You can learn
it in a way that will help
you to advance in your
career. You can learn it
in a way that will help you
to become a successful
electronics technician.

There is a great demand for
electronics technicians in
the field of electronics.
The demand is so great that
many companies are having
trouble finding enough
qualified technicians to
fill the positions. This is
because the field of electronics
is growing so fast that
the supply of technicians
is not keeping up with the
demand. This is why
you should start now to
learn electronics. You
can learn electronics at
home, and you can learn
it at a very low cost. You
can learn it in a few
months, and you can learn
it in a way that is easy
to understand. You can
learn it in a way that is
fun, and you can learn it
in a way that is practical.
You can learn it in a way
that will help you to
earn money. You can learn
it in a way that will help
you to advance in your
career. You can learn it
in a way that will help you
to become a successful
electronics technician.

There is a great demand for
electronics technicians in
the field of electronics.
The demand is so great that
many companies are having
trouble finding enough
qualified technicians to
fill the positions. This is
because the field of electronics
is growing so fast that
the supply of technicians
is not keeping up with the
demand. This is why
you should start now to
learn electronics. You
can learn electronics at
home, and you can learn
it at a very low cost. You
can learn it in a few
months, and you can learn
it in a way that is easy
to understand. You can
learn it in a way that is
fun, and you can learn it
in a way that is practical.
You can learn it in a way
that will help you to
earn money. You can learn
it in a way that will help
you to advance in your
career. You can learn it
in a way that will help you
to become a successful
electronics technician.



Radio-Television BY PRACTICING AT HOME IN SPARE TIME



This is the "Age of Electronics"
and you can be a part of it.
You can learn electronics at
home, and you can learn
it at a very low cost. You
can learn it in a few
months, and you can learn
it in a way that is easy
to understand. You can
learn it in a way that is
fun, and you can learn it
in a way that is practical.
You can learn it in a way
that will help you to
earn money. You can learn
it in a way that will help
you to advance in your
career. You can learn it
in a way that will help you
to become a successful
electronics technician.



Thousands of men and women are now
starting their careers in the field of
electronics and are making money.
Send today for your free information.

Job Opportunities Recommended
We are looking for men and women
who are interested in electronics.
We are looking for men and women
who are interested in electronics.
We are looking for men and women
who are interested in electronics.
We are looking for men and women
who are interested in electronics.
We are looking for men and women
who are interested in electronics.
We are looking for men and women
who are interested in electronics.
We are looking for men and women
who are interested in electronics.
We are looking for men and women
who are interested in electronics.

No Experience Necessary
You do not need any experience.
You do not need any experience.
You do not need any experience.
You do not need any experience.
You do not need any experience.
You do not need any experience.
You do not need any experience.
You do not need any experience.
You do not need any experience.
You do not need any experience.
You do not need any experience.
You do not need any experience.

Build and Keep Professional Equipment at No Extra Cost

NRI sends you parts to build high
quality electronic equipment. You
can build professional equipment at
home, and you can learn
it at a very low cost. You
can learn it in a few
months, and you can learn
it in a way that is easy
to understand. You can
learn it in a way that is
fun, and you can learn it
in a way that is practical.
You can learn it in a way
that will help you to
earn money. You can learn
it in a way that will help
you to advance in your
career. You can learn it
in a way that will help you
to become a successful
electronics technician.

**SEND FOR 64-PAGE
CATALOG
FREE**

**NO POSTAGE NEEDED
JUST CUT OUT
FILL IN AND MAIL**



FILL IN

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____
ZIP _____

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE NEEDED IF MAILED IN THE U.S.

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY
National Radio Institute
Washington 16, D. C.

Send 1962